

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1860.

THE NAVIES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE scene is a gently heaving purple sea, and the time is the morning of a calm autumn day. The porpoises are splashing in the sun, and the flying-fish are whirling from wave to wave like silver dragon-flies, and the white sea birds rise and fall and float on snowy wings. Far to the south-east a blue Cape looms through the haze with one long white building half way up. All these things may be seen any day, but there is a sight to be seen this morning, the like of which a man has never seen before.

On the sparkling morning waters there lies in single line a mighty fleet, thirty-eight sail of the line, besides frigates; while upon them, coming down before the wind, advances another fleet, inferior to them in numbers, but evidently far superior in audacity. Of this last flotilla we count fourteen in one line and thirteen in the other; we see the foremost ship of the fourteen outstrip the others and engage three of the enemy at once; then in twenty minutes the whole brave show is wrapt in smoke, and fire, and destruction, and the wind is laid with the concussion. When that smoke clears away a deed will have been done which will make the ears of him that heareth it to tingle; for this is the 21st of October, 1805, and that faint blue promontory away to the south-east is called Cape Trafalgar.

Shall I go on? I think not. We have given out our text; now for our No. 10.—VOL. II.

sermon. Every Englishman knows the rest of that chapter; but we wish to call your attention to one fact in connexion with that victory—namely, that 8,000 British in 27 ships beat 12,000 Spanish and French in 33 ships, and that of these last only 13 got back into port. And then we wish to put this question, "Could we do the same thing again?"

Just think of the conditions under which such a victory became possible, and the quiet, patient, practical efforts by which such successes must be preceded. Maritime supremacy, like everything else that is worth having, can only be obtained by proportionate effort; and though we are the countrymen of Jervis, Collingwood, and Nelson, the maritime supremacy which their splendid victories secured to this country will assuredly slip through our fingers if we imagine that it can be retained on any other terms than those by which it was acquired—that is, by maintaining at all costs adequate armaments. At the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War there were three powers of considerable maritime pretensions—France, Spain, and Holland; and it was against the coalesced forces of the three that we had then to contend. Of these the Navy of France has alone recovered from the blows that we then struck; and, in the event of hostilities breaking out, France is now the only power that can be looked upon as in any degree our rival.

Indeed, so far has her Navy and that of this country outstripped those of the other nations of Europe that, perhaps, with the exception of Russia, there is now no country whose steam navy could, even if they were inclined to join in the strife, give any material assistance to either party. Russia, it is true, possesses somewhere about ten screw line-of-battle ships and eleven frigates; which, if they are good ships, presents an imposing appearance; but from the fact that they are to a great extent manned by agricultural labourers, they can hardly come up to the French or English standard of excellence—so that in spite of their numbers we may dismiss them cavalierly. Whatever be their worth, however, the probabilities are that they would go to reinforce France in case of a quarrel; and so, by simply considering the navy of France, we shall get pretty nearly at the strength of possible combinations against us,—minus Russia and her ten liners. It would be a great error to imagine that a diminution in the number of our antagonists has at all altered the conditions of a possible struggle in favour of this country, and we are much mistaken if we cannot prove that, quality as well as numbers being taken into consideration, the present navy of France, single-handed, promises to be quite as much of a match for England of the present day, as the united navies of the three powers were for England of the Revolutionary war. The mere fact that at the outbreak of that war the number of our line-of-battle ships was 148, and those of France only 77, while at the beginning of last year both nations possessed an equal number, is sufficient to show the probable accuracy of our estimate.

At the close of the war this disproportion between the two navies had considerably increased—England then possessing 218 ships of the line and 309 frigates, while France had only 69 ships of the line and 38 frigates. Until the time when sailing vessels ceased to be the force with which a naval contest was to be determined, though subject

of course to fluctuations, England never ceased to preserve a decided naval superiority over her neighbour. During the earlier of those years the proportions may be roughly stated as somewhere about three to one, while in the later ones it had dwindled down to two to one. Wonderful as have been the changes effected by the introduction of steam in all that relates to our manufactures and social economy, they certainly have not surpassed, if they can be fairly said to have equalled, those that it has occasioned in all that relates to the navy. Ten years ago, and for all practical purposes, not one of the ships which are now alone thought worth taking account of existed, while those which then were the pride of the country and the guardians of our shores are now, unless capable of conversion, looked upon as comparatively little better than lumber.

In 1818 our steam mercantile tonnage was 1,633 tons, but in 1859, 416,132. This called our Government's attention to the fact of the success of steam, and they took it up. The history of the steam navy since then may be given in a few lines. In 1811 they made an abortive attempt to build paddle corvettes. In 1840 they tried it again with some success (in the *Vesuvius* and *Gorgon*, which were at Acre); but, the *Rattler*, 800 tons, the first screw corvette, which was built the same year, seeming to possess none of the disadvantages of the paddle frigates (we all know what they are), others on her model were constructed, and the foundation of our present navy was laid, and the system of naval tactics altered. This we have heard too often already. Let us turn for a moment to another alteration in ship-fighting, more interesting because more recent.

The old British and French ships of war do not present a greater contrast to the *Duke of Wellington* and *La Bretagne*, than does an old 32-pounder to the new rifled ordnance. Some idea may be formed of this difference, and of the superior range and accuracy of the new gun, when we state

that at a high angle Sir W. Armstrong's gun throws its projectile 9,000 yards, and that the results of an extended series of experiments at 1,000 yards against an ordinary 9-pounder field-piece were—

	ARMSTRONG GUN.	SERVICE GUN.
For mean difference in range	23·1 yds.	147·2 yds.
For mean lateral deviation tion	0·8 yds.	9·1 yds.

And Sir W. Armstrong declares himself confident, that with one of his guns at the distance of 600 yards an object no larger than the muzzle of an enemy's gun may be struck at almost every shot, while at a distance of 3,000 yards a target of nine feet square, which at that distance looks a mere speck, has, on a calm day, been struck five times out of ten shots: a ship, therefore, which offers a much larger surface, would be hit at much greater distances, and towns might be shelled by ships five miles off. There is every reason to believe that so far the French have not been behind in the race, and that their artillery is at least equal to that of Sir W. Armstrong. The process, however, by which they manufacture it, and the results that have been obtained with it, have been so effectually kept secret, that it is difficult to speak with any accuracy on this very interesting subject. The best informed, however, affirm that these cannon are calculated, with the same charge of powder, to project a missile twice the weight of an ordinary ball thrice the distance, and that, unlike our own, it is not intended to fire solid shot from them, but shells, which explode on striking an object. These latter are said to be made with leaden bands round them. This, if true, favours the idea that the principle on which they are rifled is the same as that adopted by Sir W. Armstrong. Great as is the improvement which this ordnance shows when compared with that which it has supplanted, it seems destined that even it is to be distanced by a more formidable competitor. The experiments of Mr. Whitworth at Southport have shown

that he has produced a cannon which, while it exceeds Sir W. Armstrong's in range, promises to rival it in accuracy. The principles on which he has proceeded in his manufacture are original. The Armstrong barrel is made of rods of wrought iron, welded into a tube, the pitch of whose rifling is one turn in 10 feet, and the rifling itself 38 sharp grooves. Instead of the rolled bar-iron, of which Sir W. Armstrong's guns are made, Mr. Whitworth's gun is bored from a solid cylinder of homogeneous iron. The barrel is of hexagonal shape, making one complete turn, which varies as the diameter of the gun. This constitutes the only rifling, and it extends from one end of the barrel to the other. The projectile, which is of a longitudinal shape, tapering towards both ends, is cut at the middle so as to fit with accuracy the sides of the barrel. In the very important item of weight, the superiority in the larger kinds of ordnance still remains with Sir William. But we shall be much mistaken if Mr. Whitworth's scheme of reducing the diameter of the projectile, and consequently the bore—which enables the same relative strength of metal to be obtained in lighter guns—will not result in the production of heavy ordnances, whose weight, for their size, will be less than any that have yet been produced. In the lighter kinds, Mr. Whitworth even now can well bear comparison with his rival, as his 3-pounder, of which we have heard so much, can be easily manœuvred and served with 2 horses and 2 men. This gun, at one elevation, in the course of 10 shots, showed a mean range of 1,579 yards, with a longitudinal deviation of 12 yards, and a lateral one of 52, whilst, at an elevation of 35 degrees, it showed on an average of 5 shots a mean range of 9,580 yards, with a longitudinal deviation of 81 yards, and a lateral one of 19·33. This superiority in point of range must in a great degree be attributed to the fact we have before noticed, that the chamber for the shot which exists in the Armstrong gun is dispensed with, thus enabling the rifling to extend from

one end of the barrel to the other. The advantages of this arrangement are not confined to range alone. The chamber in the Armstrong gun is an effectual limit to the length of the shot that can be used in it, while that of Whitworth can be used indifferently for shot of any length: the distance to which it can be projected diminishing, of course, as the weight of the shot is increased; thus enabling an almost infinite variety of results to be obtained from the same gun. Whitworth's gun can be loaded from the muzzle, should anything go wrong; Armstrong's cannot be. In the forthcoming trial this ought to weigh considerably in the balance.

The enormous cost of building the new ships, combined with the fact that the fire to which they will be subjected from the new ordnance is likely to be of so much more destructive a nature, has suggested the possibility of making ships shot-proof. The idea first occurred to our ingenious neighbours across the water, and they accordingly set to work to build some frigates of enormous scantling, and plate them with metal-work of the thickness of $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Ships of this nature, if successful, promise such extraordinary advantages, that there was nothing left for this country but to follow the example of France and build some too. This has been accordingly done, and a series of experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining how far the metal casing has effected its object. No trial of the effect of Mr. Whitworth's ordnance was made till the latter part of last May, when its fire was directed against a new iron-cased floating battery. The result of some previous trials on the same vessel with Sir William Armstrong's gun and one of the smooth-bore ordinary 68-pounders had been somewhat indecisive. At the distance of 200 yards the battery appears to have been impervious to the heaviest shot. When close to it a single shot from the 68-pounder indented the armour-plate to a depth varying from one to two inches. Sir William Armstrong's gun was, as was to be expected, more

successful. Where two or more shots struck, the plating was considerably damaged; and it very nearly succeeded in forcing the conical-shaped shot fired from it through the plating; but, though very near, it never succeeded in quite penetrating the metal. The gun selected by Mr. Whitworth for his experiment was an 80-pounder. The distance at which it was placed was two hundred yards. The first shot was fired with a 12lb. charge of powder. It struck on the edge of two plates, and, having gone clean through the metal work and eleven inches of the oak boarding, it glanced against an iron bolt, the effect of which was that it was driven upwards, burying itself between the plates and the inside of the ship. An increase of two pounds of powder was tried on firing the second shot. This time the shot struck the vessel in the centre of an armour-plate, and penetrated to the main-deck, leaving as clean a hole through wood-work and metal-plating as a pistol-bullet would do if discharged against an ordinary pane of glass.

We have already observed that a great, and at present an unknown, revolution in all that relates to naval warfare has been effected by these means; but there is another change which has likewise taken place, and that by no means one slow in making itself felt. We refer to the enormous increase of expense occasioned by the introduction of these inventions. Our navy estimates have this year reached the almost alarming figure of 12,800,000*l.*, being by a great deal the largest that this country has ever seen in time of peace. The increase of expense incident on the employment of the new machinery presses upon us on every side. Not only is there the original cost of construction of the ship itself, double that of a sailing ship of the same rate, but the daily expenses show a proportionate increase. There is the item of coal, for instance, which in a first-rate ship of the line in commission cannot be estimated at much less than 100*l.* per diem. There are also the sums paid for the employment of the skilled labour of engineers and stokers;

which change has raised the wages paid on board a first-rate line-of-battle ship by an annual sum of 8,555*l*. To this must be added the sums for wear and tear of the ships. The new method of propulsion is not only itself more expensive, but, by the shaking of the ship which it occasions, renders the more costly structure the less durable one. The screw, in this respect, is even worse than the paddle. Some idea of the magnitude of this item may be formed from the fact that the sum of 14,325*l*. has to be spent annually in keeping a first-class ship-of-the-line in working order. However, it is satisfactory to reflect that these expenses must be borne equally by every nation that aspires to maintain a large steam navy, and must eventually tell most against those whose resources are least able to stand such an exhausting drain.

So much then for quality. In that respect we seem nearly equal. As far as we have the means of knowing, the mechanical contrivances of France are as good as our own. Let us now see how we stand with regard to numerical strength since the reconstruction of both navies.

The year 1850 was destined to begin a new era in the French Navy. The commission of inquiry appointed by the Revolutionary Government had commenced its sittings. It would be a mistake to imagine that the change of government in France was the cause of its appointment. The policy which its existence indicated had already been inaugurated and steadily pursued by one of the Princes of the fallen Dynasty. As far back as the year 1844 the Prince De Joinville was appointed head of the French Navy. Possessed of considerable scientific knowledge and patriotism, and, from his position, enjoying better opportunities than any one else for carrying out his plans, he set to work to recreate the French Navy, and by that means to restore to his country the maritime influence of which the unsuccessful issue of the last war had deprived her. The experiments in the construction of steam ships of war which this country had been making were not lost upon the

Prince. His sagacity anticipated the revolution with which his success must be attended. Accordingly, his chief care was directed to build and improve steam ships of war; and specimens highly creditable to French skill were turned out of the dockyards. The revolution of 1848 put a stop to his maturing his plans; but the policy which he had traced was adopted and expanded by the government which succeeded him. The commission to which we have before alluded was appointed. It first reduced to a determined scheme the visions of naval aggrandizement which had been floating before Joinville's eyes, and sketched the gigantic proportion of the present steam navy of France. To the present Emperor has fallen the task of realising the designs of his predecessors; and it is but bare justice to him to say that he has applied himself to it with great skill and indomitable energy. Some idea of the way in which he has worked may be formed from the fact that, from the year 1851 to the beginning of the year 1854, France has produced not less than twenty-four line-of-battle ships, and that in the course of the year 1854, thirteen men-of-war were launched from French dockyards, nine of which were ships of the line. These efforts have produced a very sensible effect upon the relative naval strength of the two countries, inasmuch as the superiority of four to one in ships of the line which England had at the end of the war, was in the course of 1859 reduced to equality. Great as have been the energies displayed by the French government in the construction of ships of war, no less pains have been taken to man them with efficient crews. During the late war it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more clumsy than the way in which a French fleet was manned. On board every ship were two distinct corps, separately officered, neither of which possessed any knowledge of the duties of the other—the seamen who navigated the ship, the artillerymen who had charge of the guns. A divided command was the necessary consequence, and confusion

worse confounded the necessary result. This evil has now been remedied, and a body denominated *Corps des équipages de Ligne*, the members of which combine the seaman and artilleryman in one, have been substituted in their place: other improvements have been likewise effected. Alive to the fact that no small part of English success in the last war was due to precision of aim and the rapidity of fire, special attention has been directed to all that relates to naval artillery. A subdivision in the *équipages de la ligne* has been effected, and a corps of 8,500 *matelots canoniers*, or picked gunners, has been formed. These men undergo a special training. Everything relating to the manning of the French fleet bespeaks the most careful organization, and every improvement which could be derived from our own navy, or that of any other nation, has been sedulously adopted.—“The *équipages de la ligne*,” numbering in the whole rather above 60,000 men, are stationed at the five great naval ports of France, — Brest, Toulon, Cherbourg, Rochefort, and Lorient. This, however, is by no means the only force available for manning the fleet. Besides these, there is the *corps de l'artillerie de la marine*, engaged in the manufacture of ordnance and ammunition, who number above 6,000 men; the *infanterie de la marine*, who are 20,000 strong; 400 *gendarmes maritimes* stationed at Lorient; 1,600 *gardes maritimes*; 500 *corps Impérial du Génie Maritime* or engineers; to say nothing of a body of shipwrights, riggers, and other workmen employed about the dockyards, who may be collectively reckoned at 3,500. The sum of these figures presents a total of 92,000 men, which represents the effective strength of the French navy. The number of French merchant-seamen, according to the returns of last year, was 102,000 men. Like that of this country, the merchant-service in France forms the body of reserve, from whose ranks the navy must be recruited. But unlike ourselves, the French for a long time past have done their utmost to make their reserve as efficient and

available as possible. The system that has been pursued operates upon the whole of the maritime populations of the country. Every Frenchman who takes to a sea-faring life is obliged by law to register himself. While his name remains upon the register he is allowed certain advantages, and subject to certain duties. The advantages are the exemption from military service, and right to fish and navigate in the waters of France. The duties are those of compulsory service on board the fleet at stated periods. The whole number of men on the rolls is divided into classes. The first class includes all seamen between twenty and forty, as well as officers of the merchant-service under forty-five; the second class, men who have served above four years; the third class, men above six years. Six years' men are exempt from ordinary levies. Men who have served three years are free till their turn comes round; and so by means of this machinery, in the course of nine years, the entire body of French merchant seamen must pass through the Imperial Navy and learn its duties—while, in case of sudden emergency, it enables the Government to know the whereabouts of these seamen, whether they are at home or in port. Thus France not only possesses a fleet of enormous strength, perfectly equipped and manned, but also a powerful reserve, easy of access, by which she may at pleasure recruit or increase her power.

We have, before proceeding to inquire into the state of our own navy, spoken of and examined into the resources and condition of that of France, because it is, with reference to it, and it alone, that the efforts we are now making can be explained, or their efficiency tested. Nothing can be so mischievously misleading as any attempt to estimate our present strength by retrospective comparisons; and we confess we trembled when we heard our First Lord of the Admiralty state, with evident satisfaction, “that at NO TIME were our naval preparations in so forward a state as at present.” Let us proceed briefly to investigate what are the naval necessities of the country; how far they are at pre-

sent supplied, and what are the reserve resources available for recruiting them.

The necessities of this country are not confined to the means of self-defence. A large commerce and numerous colonies make large demands upon us. In the year 1858, the total force thus employed, exclusive of the Mediterranean fleet, was 139 ships, manned by 21,928, or something very like half our effective navy for that year. With France, the reverse of this is the case; her trade is not a quarter the amount of that of this country; and with the exception of Algeria, which, so to speak, lies at her door, and her settlements on the South American coast, she is destitute of colonies. This would enable her to concentrate what forces she possesses, whilst ours must necessarily be dispersed: a fact which is alone sufficient to convert a numerical equality in the fleets of the two countries into a practical inferiority on the part of this country. But in the early part of last year such an allowance need not have been made, as in the larger and more important ships France not only enjoyed a practical but even a numerical superiority—both nations having 29 first-rate screw line-of-battle ships, while the French frigates were 34 to our 26. It is true that this alarming disparity has been somewhat diminished by the efforts of the late and present Governments, so that the following lists of the relative strength of both powers present a more reassuring aspect.

LIST OF ENTIRE STEAM NAVY,

Including Ships fit for conversion, up to Feb. 13, 1860.

ENGLAND.

- 48 Line-of-battle-ships afloat, and 11 building.
- 12 Sailing line-of-battle ships fit for conversion.
- 34 Frigates afloat, and 9 building.
- 6 Sailing frigates fit for conversion.
- 9 Steam block ships.
- 4 Iron-cased ships building.
- 16 Corvettes afloat, and 5 building.
- 80 Sloops afloat, and 15 building.
- 27 Small vessels afloat.
- 169 Gunboats afloat, and 23 building.
- 8 Floating batteries.
- 61 Transports.

FRANCE.

- 32 Ships-of-the-line afloat, and 5 building.
- 34 Frigates afloat, and 13 building.
- 5 Iron-cased ships building.
- 17 Corvettes afloat, and 2 building.
- 39 Gunboats afloat, and 29 building.
- 5 Floating batteries afloat, and 4 building.
- 31 Transports.
- 86 Avesus.

This is better, but terribly bad. If both nations had finished their frigates we should again be inferior, and in the very arm calculated to harass our commerce, especially our gold ships. We look, however, for better things; Government proposes in addition 8 line-of-battle ships, 12 frigates, 4 iron-cased ships, and 4 corvettes. *When this addition is made* (supposing France suddenly to leave off ship-building) we shall be again superior, though not comfortably so. Let us now turn from ships to men.

The prospect here is far from satisfactory, though, like most things in these days, mending. Previous to the year 1853, men were only hired nominally for eight years, but generally paid off in four, or thereabouts. The fruits of this system were seen in the difficulty we had in manning the Baltic fleet, and in the quality of the men we got together with such infinite trouble. According to Sir Charles Napier, they were by no means first-rate. Now, however, the Duke of Somerset tells us that he can afford to pick and choose, and that he takes none but able or ordinary seamen. Let us, however, see what we require, and what we have got. According to the latest returns of the number of men that would be required to provide established or estimated complements for the whole of our steam vessels afloat, building, or converting, it seems that for the 59 steamships of the line, 50,620 men would be required; for the 43 frigates, 20,055; for block ships, 5,535; for iron-cased ships, 1,900; for 21 corvettes, 5,690; for 95 sloops, 13,545; for 27 smaller batteries, 1,987; for 192 gunboats, 8,086; for 8 floating-batteries, 1,680; for 61 transports, tenders, &c., 2,804; and for 4 mortar-vessels, 840. In all, the total number of men would

be 112,742, or 95,813 officers and seamen, and 16,927 marines. The number voted in the present year for the navy is 85,500 men and boys; and this includes 18,000 marines and 6,862 coast-guards, which latter force is generally reckoned as forming part of the reserves. These figures show a deficiency of 27,242, which would have to be made good before all our ships built, or in process of construction, could be made actually available. We have already, in the course of our observations on the French Navy, pointed out that a body of 92,000 men now in the employ of Government could be made use of for manning their fleet. It is true that these numbers comprise artisans working in the dockyards, which are not included in our own 85,500 men; but allowing for the deduction of these latter, consisting of somewhere about 3,500 men, the result would still show a balance in favour of the French Navy of something like 2,000 fighting men. Were the reserve forces of both nations in an equal state of efficiency, this disparity would be of comparatively small importance. But this is not the case: the *inscription maritime* before described maintains a reserve of at least 102,000 men, now employed in the merchant service. Upon the most moderate computation, a third of these may be looked upon as immediately available should an emergency occur. Our own reserves, on the other hand, fall far short of such a number. Exclusive of the coast-guardsmen, which form part of the 85,500 men, they are only 7,988, or little more than one-tenth of the number recommended by the Commissioners. If the men are really pressing to be regularly employed in the navy in the manner described by the Duke of Somerset, it seems hard to understand why—considering that the terms were at first said only to be too liberal, and that there has been sufficient time to allow of the men understanding that it is a *bonâ fide* offer that is made—there should be such difficulty in obtaining men. Mismanagement there must be somewhere; but at whose door ought it to be laid?

An answer to this question may perhaps be found in the Duke of Somerset's speech on the 2d of last May, when he stated that one of the reasons for the little progress made in the enlistment of men for the Royal Naval Reserve was the fact that Government did not begin to pay the men till last April; adding, by way of making his reason conclusive, that it was well known that seamen were not likely to come forward till pay began. Now the Report of the Commissioners was presented to both Houses on the 9th of February of the preceding year, and it does not argue any extraordinary zeal or alacrity on the part of the authorities, considering the matter was so important and pressing, to allow a whole year to elapse before any attempt was made to carry out the suggestions it contained. It is idle to talk of the difficulty of raising money for such a purpose, when we are spending millions in building ships, which without men to man them must be useless. Nor are we able to understand the Duke's arguments against increasing the bounty paid to the volunteers, or the objection to enrolling an inferior class of men. With regard to the first of these questions, his argument, when he urges that such an increase would prevent men from regularly joining the navy, by making the Royal Volunteer Corps too popular, would be a perfectly legitimate one, if the recruiting for that body was to be indefinite; but as the number is limited, its competition with the regular navy could only be temporary, and the effect of the increase of bounty, supposing it to have any, would simply be that the Reserve Corps would be filled up first, and might consist of better men. As for the objection that first-class men would refuse to join the reserve if inferior men are allowed to do so, we cannot help being sanguine enough to believe that any such reluctance might be overcome by the very simple process of dividing the corps into two divisions, distinguished, if thought advisable, by pay and dress; the first of which should alone be open to the best men, while the latter should embrace the inferior

class. Thus, without any sacrifice of efficiency, numbers might be obtained. But, while we thus boldly examine into our difficulties, it is satisfactory to reflect that they proceed solely from inability to utilize our resources, not from any paucity in the resources themselves. The mercantile marine is that alone which will sustain a lasting maritime supremacy. The tonnage of the English merchant service is four times that of France, and the number of men engaged in it is more than double that of France. If, with such advantages, we are unable to man our fleets as speedily and effectually as France can man hers, something may without injustice be laid at the door of official blundering. Second only to the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of men to man our ships, is that of getting rid of a sufficient number of the officers who compete for the command of them. Two distinct schemes for effecting this object are now before the public,—that of the late First Lord of the Admiralty, and that of the present Secretary to the Admiralty. On the nature of the evil both these gentlemen are agreed. The only question between them is, whether it can be dealt with by means of a permanent and comprehensive scheme, or whether the remedy must be applied from time to time as the exigencies of the case may require. The variation in the number of officers, according as the navy is on a war or peace footing, constitutes, according to Lord C. Paget, an insuperable objection to dealing with the question systematically. A system of retirement which would only promote a wholesome emulation when the lower ranks of the service are full, would, when they have ceased to be so, be imposing a heavy burden on the country without conferring corresponding advantages. The force of such an argument depends materially upon the probable duration of the present state of things. If it can be proved to be permanent, Lord C. Paget's argument falls to the ground; as the slowness of promotion would be a crying evil with the navy on a peace footing.

In the course of the foregoing observations we have already pointed out what must regulate the amount of our naval forces. Is there any chance, and if any, what, of the French armaments being reduced? To this query we must reply in the negative. Fostered by three successive governments, resulting from three successive constitutions, there is nothing in these efforts that can make us hope that they are of a transient nature. Our navy may therefore now be considered in its normal condition, and we submit that it is on that assumption that any scheme for regulating promotion in it should be based. But its want of system is not the only objection that forbids the adoption of Lord C. Paget's plan. The fact that it deals in a different way with different orders of officers, is alone sufficient to condemn it. Why should septuagenarian admirals be allowed to impede the promotion of captains any more than sexagenarian captains are allowed to impede that of lieutenants? With all deference to Lord C. Paget, we are not quite sure that this, which to ordinary individuals appears to be a slight flaw in his plan, was not in fact the reason for its adoption; and, without imputing to him guilt of the deepest dye, we cannot help suspecting that the thought of having to encounter the expostulations and remonstrances of his sorrowing brother admirals has been slightly too much for his official virtue. Even we, to some extent, must sympathise with the weakness, if such it can be called, and it would give us real pain to feel that any mortification had been reflected on a class of men who have deserved so well of their country. But the public interest is paramount even to such a consideration as this, and we are bound to say that preference should be given to any plan which, while meting out the same measure to every rank in the service, promises to deal with the question systematically. In conclusion, although, as we have before told our readers, there is everything in the vast extent of our resources to inspire a legitimate confidence, there is nothing that authorizes

apathy and carelessness. It is our position, if hostilities suddenly broke out, to which we must look, and it is no use to disguise from ourselves the fact that in

such an emergency the means of manning our ships would not be equal to that of our antagonist.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SCHOOLS.

THERE is no more characteristic spot in Oxford than the quadrangle of the schools. Doubtless in the times when the University held and exercised the privileges of infang-thief and outfang-thief, and other such old-world rights, there must have been a place somewhere within the liberties devoted to examinations even more exciting than the great-go. But since *alma mater* has ceased to take cognizance of "treasons, insurrections, felonies, and mayhem" it is here in that fateful and inexorable quadrangle, and the buildings which surround it, that she exercises her most potent spells over the spirits of her children. I suppose that a man being tried for his life must be more uncomfortable than an undergraduate being examined for his degree, and that to be hung—perhaps even to be pilloried—must be worse than to be plucked. But after all, the feelings in both cases must be essentially the same, only more intense in the former; and an institution which can examine a man (in *litteris humanioribus*, in *humanities* so called) once a year for two or three days at a time, has nothing to complain of, though it has no longer the power of hanging him at once out of hand.

The schools' quadrangle is for the most part a lonely place. Men pass through the melancholy iron-gates by which that quadrangle is entered on three sides—from Broad Street, from the Ratcliffe, and from New College Lane—when necessity leads them that way, with alert step and silently. No

nursemaids or children play about it. Nobody lives in it. Only when the examinations are going on you may see a few hooded figures who walk as though conscious of the powers of academic life and death which they wield, and a good deal of shuddering undergraduate life fitting about the place—luckless youths, in white ties and bands, who are undergoing the *peine forte et dure* with different degrees of composure; and their friends who are there to look after them. You may go in and watch the torture yourself if you are so minded, for the *vivâ voce* schools are open to the public. But one such experiment will be enough for you, unless you are very hard-hearted. The sight of the long table, behind which sit Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Co. full-robed, stern of face, soft of speech, seizing their victim in turn, now letting him run a little way as a cat does a mouse, then drawing him back, with claw of wily question, probing him on this side and that, turning him inside out—the row of victims opposite, pale or flushed, of anxious or careless mien, according to temperament, but one and all on the rack as they bend over the allotted paper, or read from the well-thumbed book—the scarcely-less-to-be-pitied row behind, of future victims, "sitting for the schools" as it is called, ruthlessly brought hither by statutes, to watch the sufferings they must hereafter undergo—should fill the friend of suffering humanity with thoughts too deep for tears. Through the long day till four o'clock, or later, the torture lasts. Then the last victim is dismissed; the men who are "sitting for the schools"

fly all ways to their colleges, silently, in search of relief to their over-wrought feelings—probably also of beer, the undergraduate's universal specific. The beadles close those ruthless doors for a mysterious half-hour on the examiners. Outside in the quadrangle collect by twos and threes the friends of the victims waiting for the re-opening of the door and the distribution of the "testamurs." The testamurs, lady readers will be pleased to understand, are certificates under the hands of the examiners that your sons, brothers, husbands perhaps, have successfully undergone the torture. But, if husbands, oh, go not yourselves, and send not your sons to wait for the testamur of the head of your house; for Oxford has seldom seen a sight over which she would more willingly draw the veil with averted face than that of the youth rushing wildly, dissolved in tears, from the schools' quadrangle, and shouting, "Mamma! papa's plucked; papa's plucked!"

On the occasion at which we have now arrived, the pass-schools are over already; the paper-work of the candidates for honours has been going on for the last week. Every morning our three St. Ambrose acquaintance have mustered with the rest for the anxious day's work, after such breakfasts as they have been able to eat under the circumstances. They take their work in very different ways. Grey rushes nervously back to his rooms whenever he is out of the schools for ten minutes, to look up dates and dodges. He worries himself sadly over every blunder which he discovers himself to have made, and sits up nearly all night cramming, always hoping for a better to-morrow. Blake keeps up his affected carelessness to the last, quizzing the examiners, laughing over the shots he has been making in the last paper. His shots, it must be said, turn out well for the most part; in the taste paper particularly, as they compare notes, he seems to have almost struck the bull's-eye in his answers to one or two questions which Hardy and Grey have passed over altogether. When he is wide of the mark he passes it off

with some jesting remark "that a fool can ask in five minutes more questions than a wise man can answer in a week," or wish "that the examiners would play fair, and change sides of the table for an hour with the candidates, for a finish." But he, too, though he does it on the sly, is cramming with his coach at every available spare moment. Hardy had finished his reading a full thirty-six hours before the first day of paper-work, and had braced himself for the actual struggle by two good nights' rest and a long day on the river with Tom. He had worked hard from the first, and so had really mastered his books. And now, feeling that he has fairly and honestly done his best, and that if he fails it will be either from bad luck or natural incapacity, and not from his own fault, he manages to keep a cooler head than any of his companions in trouble.

The week's paper-work passes off uneventfully: then comes the *viva voce* work for the candidates for honours. They go in, in alphabetical order, four a day, for one more day's work, the hardest of all, and then there is nothing more to do but wait patiently for the class list. On these days there is a good attendance in the inclosed space to which the public are admitted. The front seats are often occupied by the private tutors of the candidates, who are there, like Newmarket trainers, to see the performances of their stables, marking how each colt bears pressing and comports himself when the pinch comes. They watch the examiners too, carefully, to see what line they take, whether science, or history, or scholarship is likely to tell most, that they may handle the rest of their starters accordingly. Behind them, for the most part, on the hindmost benches of the flight of raised steps, anxious younger brothers and friends sit, for a few minutes at a time, flitting in and out in much unrest, and making the objects of their solicitude more nervous than ever by their sympathy.

It is now the afternoon of the second day of the *viva voce* examinations in

honours. Blake is one of the men in. His tutor, Hardy, Grey, Tom, and other St. Ambrose men, have all been in the schools more or less during his examination, and now Hardy and Tom are waiting outside the doors for the issuing of the testamurs.

The group is small enough. It is so much of course that a class-man should get his testamur that there is no excitement about it; generally the man himself stops to receive it.

The only anxious faces in the group are Tom's and Hardy's. They have not exchanged a word for the last few minutes in their short walk before the door. Now the examiners come out and walk away towards their colleges, and the next minute the door again opens and the clerk of the schools appears with the slips of paper in his hand.

"Now you'll see if I'm not right," said Hardy, as they gathered to the door with the rest. "I tell you there isn't the least chance for him."

The clerk read out the names inscribed on the testamurs which he held, and handed them to the owners.

"Haven't you one for Mr. Blake of St. Ambrose?" said Tom, desperately, as the clerk was closing the door.

"No, sir; none but those I have just given out," answered the clerk shaking his head. The door closed, and they turned away in silence for the first minute.

"I told you how it would be," said Hardy, as they passed out of the south gate into the Ratcliffe Quadrangle.

"But he seemed to be doing so well when I was in."

"You were not there at the time. I thought at first they would have sent him out of the schools at once."

"In his divinity, wasn't it?"

"Yes; he was asked to repeat one of the Articles, and didn't know three words of it. From that moment I saw it was all over. The examiner and he both lost their tempers, and it went from bad to worse, till the examiner remarked that he could have answered one of the questions he was asking when he was

ten years old, and Blake replied, So could he. They gave him a paper in divinity afterwards, but you could see there was no chance for him."

"Poor fellow! what will he do, do you think? How will he take it?"

"I can't tell. But I'm afraid it will be a very serious matter for him. He was the ablest man in our year too. What a pity!"

They got into St. Ambrose just as the bell for afternoon chapel was going down, and went in. Blake was there, and one look showed him what had happened. In fact he had expected nothing else all day since his breakdown in the Articles. Tom couldn't help watching him during chapel, and afterwards, on that evening, acknowledged to a friend that whatever else you might think of Blake, there was no doubt about his gameness.

After chapel he loitered outside the door in the quadrangle, talking just as usual, and before Hall he loitered on the steps in well-feigned carelessness. Everybody else was thinking of his breakdown; some with real sorrow and sympathy; others as of any other nine-days' wonder—pretty much as if the favourite for the Derby had broken down; others with ill-concealed triumph, for Blake had many enemies amongst the men. He himself was conscious enough of what they were thinking of, but maintained his easy gay manner through it all, though the effort it cost him was tremendous. The only allusion he made to what had happened which Tom heard was when he asked him to wine.

"Are you engaged to-night, Brown?" he said. Tom answered in the negative. "Come to me, then," he went on. "You won't get another chance in St. Ambrose. I have a few bottles of old wine left; we may as well floor them: they won't bear moving to a Hall with their master."

And then he turned to some other men and asked them, everyone in fact whom he came across, especially the dominant fast set with whom he had chiefly lived. These young gentlemen

(of whom we had a glimpse at the outset, but whose company we have carefully avoided ever since, seeing that their sayings and doings were of a kind of which the less said the better) had been steadily going on in their way, getting more and more idle, reckless, and insolent. Their doings had been already so scandalous on several occasions as to call for solemn meetings of the college authorities; but, no vigorous measures having followed, such deliberations had only made matters worse, and given the men a notion that they could do what they pleased with impunity. This night the climax had come; it was as though the flood of misrule had at last broken banks and overflowed the whole college.

For two hours the wine party in Blake's large ground-floor rooms was kept up with a wild reckless mirth, in keeping with the host's temper. Blake was on his mettle. He had asked every man with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, as if he wished to face out his disaster at once to the whole world. Many of the men came feeling uncomfortable, and would sooner have stayed away and treated the pluck as a real misfortune. But after all Blake was the best judge of how he liked it to be treated, and, if he had a fancy for giving a great wine on the occasion, the civillest thing to do was to go to it. And so they went, and wondered as much as he could desire at the brilliant coolness of their host, speculating and doubting nevertheless in their own secret hearts whether it wasn't acting after all. Acting it was, no doubt, and not worth the doing; no acting is. But one must make allowances. No two men take a thing just alike, and very few can sit down quietly when they have lost a fall in life's wrestle, and say, "Well, here I am, beaten no doubt this time. By my own fault too. Now, take a good look at me, my good friends, as I know you all want to do, and say your say out, for I mean getting up again directly and having another turn at it."

Blake drank freely himself, and urged his guests to drink, which was a super-

fluous courtesy for the most part. Many of the men left his rooms considerably excited. They had dispersed for an hour or so to billiards, or a stroll in the town, and at ten o'clock reassembled at supper parties, of which there were several in college this evening, especially a monster one at Chanter's rooms—a "champagne supper," as he had carefully and ostentatiously announced on the cards of invitation. This flaunting the champagne in their faces had been resented by Drysdale and others, who drank his champagne in tumblers, and then abused it and clamoured for beer in the middle of the supper. Chanter, whose prodigality in some ways was only exceeded by his general meanness, had lost his temper at this demand, and insisted that, if they wanted beer, they might send for it themselves, for he wouldn't pay for it. This protest was treated with uproarious contempt, and gallons of ale soon made their appearance in college jugs and tankards. The tables were cleared, and songs (most of them of more than doubtful character), cigars, and all sorts of compounded drinks, from claret cup to egg flip, succeeded. The company, recruited constantly as men came into college, was getting more and more excited every minute. The scouts cleared away and carried off all relics of the supper, and then left; still the revel went on, till, by midnight, the men were ripe for any mischief or folly which those among them who retained any brains at all could suggest. The signal for breaking up was given by the host's falling from his seat. Some of the men rose with a shout to put him to bed, which they accomplished with difficulty, after dropping him several times, and left him to snore off the effects of his debauch with one of his boots on. Others took to doing what mischief occurred to them in his rooms. One man, mounted on a chair with a cigar in his mouth which had gone out, was employed in pouring the contents of a champagne bottle with unsteady hand into the clock on the mantel-piece. Chanter was a particular man in this sort of furniture, and his

clock was rather a speciality. It was a large bronze figure of Atlas, supporting the globe in the shape of a time-piece. Unluckily the maker, not anticipating the sort of test to which his work would be subjected, had ingeniously left the hole for winding up in the top of the clock, so that unusual facilities existed for drowning the world-carrier, and he was already almost at his last tick. One or two men were morally aiding and abetting, and physically supporting the experimenter on clocks, who found it difficult to stand to his work by himself. Another knot of young gentlemen stuck to the tables, and so continued to shout out scraps of song, sometimes standing on their chairs, and sometimes tumbling off them. Another set were employed on the amiable work of pouring beer and sugar into three new pairs of polished leather dress boots, with coloured tops to them, which they discovered in the dressing-room. Certainly, as they remarked, Chanter could have no possible use for so many dress boots at once, and it was a pity the beer should be wasted; but on the whole, perhaps, the materials were never meant for combination, and had better have been kept apart. Others had gone away to break into the kitchen, headed by one who had just come into college and vowed he would have some supper; and others, to screw up an unpopular tutor, or to break into the rooms of some inoffensive freshman. The remainder mustered on the grass in the quadrangle, and began playing leap-frog and larking one another. Amongst these last was our hero, who had been at Blake's wine and one of the quieter supper parties; and, though not so far gone as most of his companions, was by no means in a state in which he would have cared to meet the Dean. He lent his hearty aid accordingly to swell the noise and tumult, which was becoming something out of the way even for St. Ambrose's. As the leap-frog was flagging, Drysdale suddenly appeared carrying some silver plates which were used on solemn occasions in the common room, and allowed to be issued on special application for gentle-

men commoners' parties. A rush was made towards him.

"Halloa, here's Drysdale with lots of swag," shouted one. "What are you going to do with it?" cried another. Drysdale paused a moment with the peculiarly sapient look of a tipsy man who has suddenly lost the thread of his ideas, and then suddenly broke out with—

"Hang it; I forget. But let's play at quoits with them."

The proposal was received with applause, and the game began, but Drysdale soon left it. He had evidently some notion in his head which would not suffer him to turn to anything else till he had carried it out. He went off accordingly to Chanter's rooms, while the quoits went on in the front quadrangle.

About this time, however, the Dean and bursar, and the tutors who lived in college, began to be conscious that something unusual was going on. They were quite used to distant choruses, and great noises in the men's rooms, and to a fair amount of shouting and skylarking in the quadrangle, and were long-suffering men not given to interfering; but there must be an end to all endurance, and the state of things which had arrived could no longer be met by a turn in bed and a growl at the uproars and follies of undergraduates.

Presently some of the rioters on the grass caught sight of a figure gliding along the side of the quadrangle towards the Dean's staircase. A shout arose that the enemy was up, but little heed was paid to it by the greater number. Then another figure passed from the Dean's staircase to the porter's lodge. Those of the men who had any sense left saw that it was time to quit, and, after warning the rest, went off towards their rooms. Tom on his way to his staircase caught sight of a figure seated in a remote corner of the inner quadrangle, and made for it, impelled by natural curiosity. He found Drysdale seated on the ground with several silver tankards by his side, employed to the best of his powers in digging a hole with one of the college carving-knives.

"Holloa, Drysdale! what are you up to?" he shouted, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Providing for poshterity," replied Drysdale gravely, without looking up.

"What the dence do you mean? Don't be such an ass. The Dean will be out in a minute. Get up and come along."

"I tell you, old fellow," said Drysdale, somewhat inarticulately, and driving his knife into the ground again, "the dons are going to spout the college plate. So I am burying these articles for poshterity—"

"Hang posterity," said Tom; "come along directly, or you'll be caught and rusticated."

"Go to bed, Brown—you're drunk, Brown," replied Drysdale, continuing his work, and striking the carving-knife into the ground so close to his own thigh that it made Tom shudder.

"Here they are then," he cried the next moment, seizing Drysdale by the arm, as a rush of men came through the passage into the back quadrangle, shouting and tumbling along, and making in small groups for the different staircases. The Dean and two of the tutors followed, and the porter bearing a lantern. There was no time to be lost; so Tom, after one more struggle to pull Drysdale up and hurry him off, gave it up, and leaving him to his fate, ran across to his own staircase.

For the next half-hour the Dean and his party patrolled the college, and succeeded at last in restoring order, though not without some undignified and disagreeable passages. The lights on the staircases, which generally burnt all night, were of course put out as they approached. On the first staircase which they stormed, the porter's lantern was knocked out of his hand by an unseen adversary, and the light put out on the bottom stairs. On the first landing the bursar trod on a small terrier belonging to a fast freshman, and the dog naturally thereupon bit the bursar's leg; while his master and other *enfants perdus*, taking advantage of the diversion,

rushed down the dark stairs, past the party of order, and into the quadrangle, where they scattered amidst a shout of laughter. While the porter was gone for a light, the Dean and his party rashly ventured on a second ascent. Here an unexpected catastrophe awaited them. On the top landing lived one of the steadiest men in college, whose door had been tried shortly before. He had been roused out of his first sleep, and, vowing vengeance on the next comers, stood behind his oak, holding his brown George, or huge earthenware receptacle, half full of dirty water, in which his bed-maker had been washing up his tea-things. Hearing stealthy steps and whisperings on the stairs below, he suddenly threw open his oak, discharging the whole contents of his brown George on the approaching authorities, with a shout of, "Take that for your skulking."

The exasperated Dean and tutors rushing on, seized on their astonished and innocent assailant, and after receiving explanations, and the offer of clean towels, hurried off again after the real enemy. And now the porter appeared again with a light, and, continuing their rounds, they apprehended and disarmed Drysdale, collected the college plate, marked down others of the rioters, visited Chanter's rooms, held a parley with the one of their number who was screwed up in his rooms, and discovered that the bars had been wrenched out of the kitchen window. After which they retired to sleep on their indignation, and quietly settled down again on the ancient and venerable college.

The next morning at chapel many of the revellers met; in fact, there was a fuller attendance than usual, for everyone felt that something serious must be impending. After such a night the dons must make a stand, or give up altogether. The most reckless only of the fast set were absent. St. Cloud was there, dressed even more precisely than usual, and looking as if he were in the habit of going to bed at ten, and had never heard of milk punch. Tom

turned out not much the worse himself, but in his heart feeling not a little ashamed of the whole business; of the party, the men; but, above all, of himself. He thrust the shame back, however, as well as he could, and put a cool face on it. Probably most of the men were in much the same state of mind. Even in St. Ambrose's, reckless and vicious as the college had become, by far the greater part of the undergraduates would gladly have seen a change in the direction of order and decency, and were sick of the wretched licence of doing right in their own eyes, and wrong in everyone's else.

As the men trooped out of chapel, they formed in corners of the quadrangle, except the reading set, who went off quietly to their rooms. There was a pause of a minute or two. Neither principal, dean, tutor, nor fellow, followed as on ordinary occasions. "They're hatching something in the outer chapel," said one.

"It'll be a coarse time for Chanter, I take it," said another.

"Was your name sent to the buttery for his supper?"

"No, I took d—d good care of that," said St. Cloud, who was addressed.

"Drysedale was caught, wasn't he?"

"So I hear, and nearly frightened the Dean and the Porter out of their wits by staggering after them with a carving-knife."

"He'll be sacked, of course."

"Much he'll care for that."

"Here they come, then; by Jove, how black they look!"

The authorities now came out of the ante-chapel door, and walked slowly across towards the Principal's house in a body. At this moment, as ill-luck would have it, Jack trotted into the front quadrangle, dragging after him the light steel chain with which he was usually fastened up in Drysdale's scout's room at night. He came innocently towards one and another of the groups, and retired from each much astonished at the low growl with which his acquaintance was repudiated on all sides.

"Porter, whose dog is that?" said the Dean, catching sight of him.

"Mr. Drysdale's dog, sir, I think, sir," answered the Porter.

"Probably the animal who bit me last night," said the bursar. His knowledge of dogs was small; if Jack had fastened on him he would probably have been in bed from the effects.

"Turn the dog out of college," said the Dean.

"Please, sir, he's a very savage dog, sir," said the Porter, whose respect for Jack was unbounded.

"Turn him out immediately," replied the Dean.

The wretched Porter, arming himself with a broom, approached Jack, and after some coaxing managed to catch hold of the end of his chain, and began to lead him towards the gates, carefully holding out the broom towards Jack's nose with his other hand, to protect himself. Jack at first hauled away at his chain, and then began circling round the Porter at the full extent of it, evidently meditating an attack. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation the ludicrous alarm of the Porter set the men laughing.

"Come along, or Jack will be pinning the wretched Copas," said Jervis, and he and Tom stepped up to the terrified little man, and, releasing him, led Jack, who knew them both well, out of college.

"Were you at that supper party," said Jervis, as they deposited Jack with an ostler, who was lounging outside the gates, to be taken to Drysdale's stables.

"No," said Tom.

"I'm glad to hear it, there will be a pretty clean sweep after last night's doings."

"But I was in the quadrangle when they came out."

"Not caught, eh?" said Jervis.

"No, luckily I got to my own rooms at once."

"Were any of the crew caught?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, we shall hear enough of it before lecture-time."

Jervis was right. There was a meet-

ing in the common room directly after breakfast. Drysdale, anticipating his fate, took his name off before they sent for him. Chanter and three or four others were rusticated for a year, and Blake was ordered to go down at once. He was a scholar, and what was to be done in his case would be settled at the meeting at the end of term.

For twenty-four hours it was supposed that St. Cloud had escaped altogether, but at the end of that time he was summoned before a meeting in the common room. The tutor, whose door had been so effectually screwed up that he had been obliged to get out of his window by a ladder to attend morning chapel, proved wholly unable to appreciate the joke, and set himself to work to discover the perpetrators of it. The door was fastened with long gimlets, which were screwed firmly in, and when driven well home their heads had been knocked off: The tutor collected the shafts of the gimlets from the carpenter, who came to effect an entry for him; and after careful examination, discovered the trade mark. So, putting them in his pocket, he walked off into the town, and soon came back with the information he required, which resulted in the rustication of St. Cloud, an event which was borne by the college with the greatest equanimity.

Shortly afterwards Tom attended in the schools' quadrangle again, to be present at the posting of the class list. This time there were plenty of anxious faces; the quadrangle was full of them. He felt almost as nervous himself as if he were waiting for the third gun. He thrust himself forward, and was amongst the first who caught sight of the document. One look was enough for him, and the next moment he was off at full speed to St. Ambrose, and, rushing headlong into Hardy's rooms, seized him by the hand, and shook it vehemently.

"It's all right, old fellow," he cried, as soon as he could catch his breath; "it's all right. Four firsts; you're one of them: well done!"

"And Grey, where's he; is he all right?"

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"Bless me, I forgot to look," said Tom, "I only read the firsts, and then came off as hard as I could."

"Then he is not a first."

"No; I'm sure of that."

"I must go and see him; he deserved it far more than I."

"No, by Jove, old boy," said Tom, seizing him again by the hand, "that he didn't; nor any man that ever went into the schools."

"Thank you, Brown," said Hardy, returning his warm grip. "You do one good. Now to see poor Grey, and to write to my dear old father before Hall. Fancy him opening the letter at breakfast the day after to-morrow! I only hope it won't hurt him."

"Never fear. I don't believe in people dying of joy, and anything short of sudden death he won't mind at the price."

Hardy hurried off, and Tom went to his own rooms, and smoked a cigar to allay his excitement, and thought about his friend and all they had felt together and laughed and mourned over in the short months of their friendship. A pleasant dreamy half-hour he spent thus, till the hall bell roused him, and he made his toilette and went to his dinner.

It was with very mixed feelings that Hardy walked by the servitors' table and took his seat with the bachelors, an equal at last amongst equals. No man who is worth his salt can leave a place where he has gone through hard and searching discipline and been tried in the very depths of his heart without regret, however much he may have winced under the discipline. It is no light thing to fold up and lay by for ever a portion of one's life, even when it can be laid by with honour and in thankfulness.

But it was with no mixed feelings, but with a sense of entire triumph and joy, that Tom watched his friend taking his new place, and the Dons one after another coming up and congratulating him, and treating him as the man who had done honour to them and his college.

CHAPTER XXV.

COMMEMORATION.

THE end of the academic year was now at hand, and Oxford was beginning to put on her gayest clothing. The college gardeners were in a state of unusual activity, and the lawns and flower-beds, which form such exquisite settings to many of the venerable grey-gabled buildings, were as neat and as bright as hands could make them. Cooks, butlers, and their assistants, were bestirring themselves in kitchen and butlery, under the direction of bursars jealous of the fame of their houses, in the preparation of the abundant and solid fare with which Oxford is wont to entertain all comers. Everything the best of its kind, no stint but no nonsense, seems to be the wise rule which the University hands down and lives up to in these matters. However we may differ as to her degeneracy in other departments, all who have ever visited her will admit that in this of hospitality she is still a great national teacher, acknowledging and preaching by example the fact, that eating and drinking are important parts of man's life, which are to be allowed their due prominence, and not thrust into a corner, but are to be done soberly and thankfully, in the sight of God and man. The coaches were bringing in heavy loads of visitors; carriages of all kinds were coming in from the neighbouring counties; and lodgings in the High-street were going up to fabulous prices.

In one of these High-street lodgings, on the evening of the Saturday before Commemoration, Miss Winter and her cousin are sitting. They have been in Oxford during the greater part of the day, having posted up from Englebourn, but they have only just come in, for the younger lady is still in her bonnet, and Miss Winter's lies on the table. The windows are wide open, and Miss Winter is sitting at one of them, while her cousin is busied in examining the furniture and decorations of their temporary home, now commenting upon these, now pouring out praises of Oxford.

"Isn't it too charming? I never dreamt that any town could be so beautiful. Don't you feel wild about it, Katie?"

"It is the queen of towns, dear. But I know it well, you see, so that I can't be quite so enthusiastic as you."

"Oh, those dear gardens! what was the name of those ones with the targets up, where they were shooting? Don't you remember?"

"New College Gardens, on the old city wall, you mean?"

"No, no. They were very nice and sentimental. I should like to go and sit and read poetry there. But I mean the big ones, the gorgeous, princely ones; with wicked old Bishop Laud's gallery looking into them."

"Oh! St. John's, of course."

"Yes, St. John's. Why do you hate Laud so, Katie?"

"I don't hate him, dear. He was a Berkshire man, you know. But I think he did a great deal of harm to the Church."

"How did you think my new silk looked in the gardens? How lucky I brought it, wasn't it? I shouldn't have liked to have been in nothing but muslins. They don't suit here; you want something richer amongst the old buildings, and on the beautiful velvety turf of the gardens. How do you think I looked?"

"You looked like a queen, dear; or a lady in waiting at least."

"Yes, a lady in waiting on Henrietta Maria. Didn't you hear one of the gentlemen say that she was lodged in St. John's when Charles marched to relieve Gloucester? Ah! can't you fancy her sweeping about the gardens, with her ladies following her, and Bishop Laud walking just a little behind her, and talking in a low voice about—let me see—something very important?"

"Oh Mary, where has your history gone? He was Archbishop, and was safely locked up in the Tower."

"Well, perhaps he was; then he couldn't be with her of course. How stupid of you to remember, Katie. Why can't you make up your mind

to enjoy yourself when you come out for a holiday?"

"I shouldn't enjoy myself any the more for forgetting dates," said Katie, laughing.

"Oh, you would though; only try. But, let me see, it can't be Laud. Then it shall be that cruel drinking old man, with the wooden leg made of gold, who was governor of Oxford when the king was away. He must be hobbling along after the queen in a buff coat and breast-plate, holding his hat with a long drooping white feather in his hand."

"But you wouldn't like it at all, Mary, it would be too serious for you. The poor queen would be too anxious to gossip, and you ladies in waiting would be obliged to walk after her without saying a word.

"Yes, that would be stupid. But then she would have to go away with the old governor to write despatches; and some of the young officers with long hair and beautiful lace sleeves, and large boots, whom the king had left behind, wounded, might come and walk perhaps, or sit in the sun in the quiet gardens."

Mary looked over her shoulder with the merriest twinkle in her eye, to see how her steady cousin would take this last picture. "The college authorities would never allow that," she said quietly, still looking out of the window; "if you wanted beaus, you must have them in black gowns."

"They would have been jealous of the soldiers, you think? Well, I don't mind; the black gowns are very pleasant, only a little stiff. But how do you think my bonnet looked?"

"Charmingly. But when are you going to have done looking in the glass? You don't care for the buildings, I believe, a bit. Come and look at St. Mary's; there is such a lovely light on the steeple!"

"I'll come directly, but I must get these flowers right. I'm sure there are too many in this trimming."

Mary was trying her new bonnet on over and over again before the mantel-glass, and pulling out and changing the

places of the blush-rose buds with which it was trimmed. Just then a noise of wheels, accompanied by a merry tune on a cornopean, came in from the street.

"What's that, Katie?" she cried, stopping her work for a moment.

"A coach coming up from Magdalen bridge. I think it is a cricketing party coming home."

"Oh let me see," and she tripped across to the window, bonnet in hand, and stood beside her cousin. And then, sure enough, a coach covered with cricketers returning from a match, drove past the window. The young ladies looked out at first with great curiosity; but, suddenly finding themselves the mark for a whole coach-load of male eyes, shrank back a little before the cricketers had passed on towards the "Mitre." As the coach passed out of sight, Mary gave a pretty toss of her head, and said,—

"Well, they don't want for assurance, at any rate. I think they needn't have stared so."

"It was our fault," said Katie; "we shouldn't have been at the window. Besides, you know you are to be a lady in waiting on Henrietta Maria up here, and of course you must get used to being stared at."

"Oh yes, but that was to be by young gentlemen wounded in the wars, in lace ruffles, as one sees them in pictures. That's a very different thing from young gentlemen in flannel trousers and straw hats, driving up the High Street on coaches. I declare one of them had the impudence to bow, as if he knew you."

"So he does. That was my cousin."

"Your cousin! Ah, I remember. Then he must be my cousin too."

"No, not at all. He is no relation of yours."

"Well, I sha'n't break my heart. But is he a good partner?"

"I should say, yes. But I hardly know. We used to be a great deal together as children, but papa has been such an invalid lately."

"Ah, I wonder how uncle is getting

on at the Vice-Chancellor's. Look, it is past eight by St. Mary's. When were we to go?"

"We were asked for nine."

"Then we must go and dress. Will it be very slow and stiff, Katie? I wish we were going to something not quite so grand."

"You'll find it very pleasant, I dare say."

"There won't be any dancing, though, I know; will there?"

"No; I should think certainly not."

"Dear me! I hope there will be some young men there—I shall be so shy, I know, if there are nothing but wise people. How do you talk to a Regius Professor, Katie? It must be awful."

"He will probably be at least as uncomfortable as you, dear," said Miss Winter, laughing, and rising from the window; "let us go and dress."

"Shall I wear my best gown?—What shall I put in my hair?"

At this moment the door opened, and the maid-servant introduced Mr. Brown.

It was the St. Ambrose drag which had passed along shortly before, bearing the eleven home from a triumphant match. As they came over Magdalen bridge, Drysdale, who had returned to Oxford as a private gentleman after his late catastrophe, which he had managed to keep a secret from his guardian, and was occupying his usual place on the box, called out—

"Now, boys, keep your eyes open, there must be plenty of lionesses about;" and thus warned, the whole load, including the corneopan player, were on the look-out for lady visitors, profanely called lionesses, all the way up the street. They had been gratified by the sight of several walking in the High-street or looking out of the windows, before they caught sight of Miss Winter and her cousin. The appearance of these young ladies created a sensation.

"I say, look! up there in that first-floor."

"By George, they're something like."

"The sitter for choice."

"No, no, the standing-up one; she looks so saucy."

"Hullo, Brown! do you know them?"

"One of them is my cousin," said Tom, who had just been guilty of the salutation which, as we saw, excited the indignation of the younger lady.

"What luck!—You'll ask me to meet them—when shall it be? To-morrow at breakfast, I vote."

"I say, you'll introduce me before the ball on Monday? promise now," said another.

"I don't know that I shall see anything of them," said Tom; "I shall just leave a pasteboard, but I'm not in the humour to be dancing about lionizing."

A storm of indignation arose at this speech: the notion that any of the fraternity who had any hold on lionesses, particularly if they were pretty, should not use it to the utmost for the benefit of the rest, and the glory and honour of the college, was revolting to the undergraduate mind. So the whole body escorted Tom to the door of the lodgings, impressing upon him the necessity of engaging both his lionesses for every hour of every day in St. Ambrose's, and left him not till they had heard him ask for the young ladies, and seen him fairly on his way upstairs. They need not have taken so much trouble, for in his secret soul he was no little pleased at the appearance of creditable ladies, more or less belonging to him, and would have found his way to see them quickly and surely enough without any urging. Moreover, he had been really fond of his cousin, years before, when they had been boy and girl together.

So they greeted one another very cordially, and looked one another over as they shook hands, to see what changes time had made. He makes his changes rapidly enough at that age, and mostly for the better, as the two cousins thought. It was nearly three years since they had met, and then he was a fifth-form boy and she a girl in the schoolroom. They were both conscious of a strange pleasure in meeting again, mixed with a feeling of shyness, and wondered whether they should be able to step back into their old relations.

Mary looked on demurely, really watching them, but ostensibly engaged on the rosebud trimming. Presently Miss Winter turned to her and said, "I don't think you two ever met before; I must introduce you, I suppose;—my cousin Tom, my cousin Mary."

"Then we must be cousins too," said Tom, holding out his hand.

"No, Katie says not," she answered.

"I don't mean to believe her, then," said Tom; "but what are you going to do now, to-night? Why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?"

"We have been so shut up lately, owing to papa's bad health, that I really had almost forgotten you were at Oxford."

"By the bye," said Tom, "where is uncle?"

"Oh! he is dining at the Vice-Chancellor's, who is an old college friend of his. We have only been up here three or four hours, and it has done him so much good. I am so glad we spirited him up to coming."

"You haven't made any engagements yet, I hope?"

"Indeed we have; I can't tell how many. We came in time for luncheon in Balliol. Mary and I made it our dinner, and we have been seeing sights ever since, and have been asked to go to I don't know how many luncheons and breakfasts."

"What, with a lot of dons, I suppose?" said Tom spitefully; "you won't enjoy Oxford then; they'll bore you to death."

"There now, Katie; that is just what I was afraid of," joined in Mary; "you remember we didn't hear a word about balls all the afternoon."

"You haven't got your tickets for the balls, then?" said Tom, brightening up.

"No, how shall we get them?"

"Oh! I can manage that, I've no doubt."

"Stop; how are we to go? Papa will never take us."

"You needn't think about that; any body will chaperone you. Nobody cares about that sort of thing at commemoration."

"Indeed I think you had better wait till I have talked to papa."

"Then all the tickets will be gone," said Tom. "You must go. Why shouldn't I chaperone you? I know several men whose sisters are going with them."

"No, that will scarcely do, I'm afraid. But really, Mary, we must go and dress."

"Where are you going then?" said Tom.

"To an evening party at the Vice-Chancellor's; we are asked for nine o'clock, and the half-hour has struck."

"Hang the dons; how unlucky that I didn't know before! Have you any flowers, by the way?"

"Not one."

"Then I will try to get you some by the time you are ready. May I?"

"Oh yes, pray do," said Mary. "That's capital, Katie, isn't it? Now I shall have something to put in my hair; I couldn't think what I was to wear."

Tom took a look at the hair in question, and then left them and hastened out to scour the town for flowers, as if his life depended on success. In the morning, he would probably have resented as insulting, or laughed at as wildly improbable, the suggestion that he would be so employed before night.

A double chair was drawn up opposite the door when he came back, and the ladies were coming down into the sitting room.

"Oh look, Katie! What lovely flowers! How very kind of you."

Tom surrendered as much of his burden as that young lady's little round white hands could clasp, to her, and deposited the rest on the table.

"Now, Katie, which shall I wear—this beautiful white rose all by itself, or a wreath of these pansies? Here, I have a wire: I can make them up in a minute." She turned to the glass, and held the rich cream-white rose against her hair, and then turning on Tom, added,

"What do you think?"

"I thought fern would suit your hair better than anything else," said Tom; "and so I got these leaves," and he picked out two slender fern leaves.

"How very kind of you! Let me see, how do you mean? Ah! I see; it will be charming;" and so saying, she

held the leaves one in each hand to the sides of her head, and then floated about the room for needle and thread, and with a few nimble stitches fastened together the simple green crown, which her cousin put on for her, making the points meet above her forehead. Mary was wild with delight at the effect, and full of thanks to Tom as he helped them hastily to tie up bouquets, and then, amidst much laughing, they squeezed into the wheel chair together (as the fashions of that day allowed two young ladies to do), and went off to their party, leaving a last injunction on him to go up and put the rest of the flowers in water, and to call directly after breakfast the next day. He obeyed his orders, and pensively arranged the rest of the flowers in the china ornaments on the mantelpiece, and in a soup plate, which he got and placed in the middle of the table, and then spent some minutes examining a pair of gloves and other small articles of women's gear which lay scattered about the room. The gloves particularly attracted him, and he flattened them out and laid them on his own large brown hand, and smiled at the contrast, and took other unjustifiable liberties with them; after which he returned to college and endured much banter as to the time his call had lasted, and promised to engage his cousins, as he called them, to grace some festivities in St. Ambrose's at their first spare moment.

The next day, being show Sunday, was spent by the young ladies in a ferment of spiritual and other dissipation. They attended morning service at eight at the cathedral; breakfasted at a Merton fellow's, from whence they adjourned to University sermon. Here, Mary, after two or three utterly ineffectual attempts to understand what the preacher was meaning, soon relapsed into an examination of the bonnets present, and the doctors and proctors on the floor, and the undergraduates in the gallery. On the whole, she was, perhaps, better employed than her cousin, who knew enough of religious party strife to follow the preacher, and

was made very uncomfortable by his discourse, which consisted of an attack upon the recent publications of the most eminent and best men in the University. Poor Miss Winter came away with a vague impression of the wickedness of all persons who dare to travel out of beaten tracks, and that the most unsafe state of mind in the world is that which inquires and aspires, and cannot be satisfied with the regulation draught of spiritual doctors in high places. Being naturally of a reverent turn of mind, she tried to think that the discourse had done her good. At the same time she was somewhat troubled by the thought that somehow the best men in all times of which she had read seemed to her to be just those whom the preacher was in fact denouncing, although in words he had praised them as the great lights of the Church. The words which she had heard in one of the lessons kept running in her head, "Truly ye bear witness that ye do allow the deeds of your fathers, for they indeed killed them, but ye build their sepulchres." But she had little leisure to think on the subject, and, as her father praised the sermon as a noble protest against the fearful tendencies of the day to Popery and Pantheism, smothered the questionings of her own heart as well as she could, and went off to luncheon in a common room; after which her father retired to their lodgings, and she and her cousin were escorted to afternoon service at Magdalen, in achieving which last feat they had to encounter a crush only to be equalled by that at the pit entrance to the opera on a Jenny Lind night. But what will not a delicately nurtured British lady go through when her mind is bent either on pleasure or duty?

Poor Tom's feelings throughout the day may be more easily conceived than described. He had called according to order, and waited at their lodgings after breakfast. Of course they did not arrive. He had caught a distant glimpse of them in St. Mary's, but had not been able to approach. He had called again in the afternoon unsuccessfully, so far as seeing

them was concerned ; but he had found his uncle at home, lying upon the sofa. At first he was much dismayed by this rencontre, but, recovering his presence of mind, he proceeded, I regret to say, to 'take the length of the old gentleman's foot by entering into a minute and sympathizing inquiry into the state of his health. Tom had no faith whatever in his uncle's ill health, and believed—as many persons of robust constitution are too apt to do when brought face to face with nervous patients—that he might shake off the whole of his maladies at any time by a resolute effort, so that his sympathy was all sham, though, perhaps, one may pardon it, considering the end in view, which was that of persuading the old gentleman to entrust the young ladies to his nephew's care for that evening in the long walk ; and generally to look upon his nephew, Thomas Brown, as his natural prop and supporter in the University, whose one object in life just now would be to take trouble off his hands, and who was of that rare and precocious steadiness of character that he might be as safely trusted as a Spanish duenna. To a very considerable extent the victim fell into the toils. He had many old friends at the colleges, and was very fond of good dinners, and long sittings afterwards. This very evening he was going to dine at St. John's, and had been much troubled at the idea of having to leave the unrivalled old port of that learned house to escort his daughter and niece to the long walk. Still he was too easy and good-natured not to wish that they might get there, and did not like the notion of their going with perfect strangers. Here was a compromise. His nephew was young, but still he was a near relation, and in fact it gave the poor old man a plausible excuse for not exerting himself as he felt he ought to do, which was all he ever required for shifting his responsibilities and duties upon other shoulders.

So Tom waited quietly till the young ladies came home, which they did just before hall-time. Mr. Winter was getting impatient. As soon as they arrived he started for St. John's, after advising

them to remain at home for the rest of the evening, as they looked quite tired and knocked up ; but if they were resolved to go to the long walk, his nephew would escort them.

"How can Uncle Robert say we look so tired?" said Mary, consulting the glass on the subject ; "I feel quite fresh. Of course, Katie, you mean to go to the long walk?"

"I hope you will go," said Tom ; "I think you owe me some amends. I came here according to order this morning, and you were not in, and I have been trying to catch you ever since."

"We couldn't help it," said Miss Winter ; "indeed we have not had a minute to ourselves all day. I was very sorry to think that we should have brought you here for nothing this morning."

"But about the long walk, Katie?"

"Well, don't you think we have done enough for to-day? I should like to have tea and sit quietly at home, as papa suggested."

"Do you feel very tired, dear?" said Mary, seating herself by her cousin on the sofa, and taking her hand.

"No, dear ; I only want a little quiet and a cup of tea."

"Then let us stay here quietly till it is time to start. When ought we to get to the long walk?"

"About half-past seven," said Tom ; "you shouldn't be much later than that."

"There you see, Katie, we shall have two hours' perfect rest. You shall lie upon the sofa and I will read to you, and then we shall go on all fresh again."

Miss Winter smiled and said, "Very well." She saw that her cousin was bent on going, and she could deny her nothing.

"May I send you in anything from college?" said Tom ; "you ought to have something more than tea I'm sure."

"Oh no, thank you. We dined in the middle of the day."

"Then I may call for you about seven o'clock," said Tom, who had come unwillingly to the conclusion that he had better leave them for the present.

"Yes, and mind you come in good time; we mean to see the whole sight, remember. We are country cousins."

"You must let me call you cousin then, just for the look of the thing."

"Certainly, just for the look of the thing, we will be cousins till further notice."

"Well, you and Tom seem to get on together, Mary," said Miss Winter, as they heard the front door close. "I'm learning a lesson from you, though I doubt whether I shall ever be able to put it in practice. What a blessing it must be not to be shy!"

"Are you shy, then," said Mary, looking at her cousin with a playful loving smile.

"Yes, dreadfully. It is positive pain to me to walk into a room where there are people I do not know."

"But I feel that too. I'm sure now

you were much less embarrassed than I last night at the Vice-Chancellor's. I quite envied you, you seemed so much at your ease."

"Did I? I would have given anything to be back here quietly. But it is not the same thing with you. You have no real shyness, or you would never have got on so fast with my cousin."

"Oh! I don't feel at all shy with him," said Mary, laughing. "How lucky it is that he found us out so soon. I like him so much. There is a sort of way about him as if he couldn't help himself. I am sure one could turn him round one's finger. Don't you think so?"

"I'm not so sure of that. But he always was soft-hearted, poor boy. But he isn't a boy any longer. You must take care, Mary. Shall we ring for tea?"

To be continued.

THE MYSTERY.

"Through desire a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddeth with all wisdom."—Prov. xviii. 1.

O THE haunted house on the moorland, how lone and desolate,
In its antique fashions grand, it seems to frown upon its fate!
Looking over the bleak moorland, looking over to the sea,
Defiant in the haughtiness of some great memory.

Few trees are there and stunted, for the salt-wind blows across,
And swathes their twigs in lichens grey, and flakes of ragged moss;
And the cotton-grass nods in the fish-pond beside the spotted rush,
And the newt creeps thro' their sodden roots where they grow rank and lush.

But moor and marsh and stunted tree, with mosses overrun,
And the Druid stone where the raven sits blinking in the sun—
All are bleaker from its neighbourhood, and grouped around it lie,
As round a desolate thought that fills a subtle painter's eye.

Straggling over half an acre, with a rough-hewn masonry,
There are portals heavy-arched, and gables crested with the fleur-de-lis,
Mounting turrets, curious windows, and armorial bearings quaint,
Full of rare fantastic meanings as the dreams of some old saint.

And the grim old tower looms darkly with its shadow over all;
Beast unclean and bird unholy brood or burrow in its wall;
Moans the wind thro' long blind lobbies—distant doors are heard to slap,
And the paint falls from the panels, and the mouldering tapestries flap.

Falls the paint from scripture stories, all blurred with mildew damp,
Fade the ancient knights and ladies from the tapestries quaint and cramp;
And of all the rare carved mantels only here and there are seen
A bunch of flowers and vine leaves, with a satyr's face between.

Through chinks the sun is breaking, the rain breaks through the roof;
There are sullen pools in the corners, and sullen drops aloof;
And flitting as in woodlands, strange lights are in the rooms,
And to and fro they glimmer, alternating with glooms.

And him that shelters there a-night from the wild storm or rain,
Will death or madness set upon, and leaguer him amain
With eldrich shapes, and eerie sounds of sorrow and of sin,
And cries of utter wailing that make the blood grow thin.

O the haunted house on the moorland, how lone and desolate,
In its antique fashions grand, it seems to frown upon its fate!
But sit not thou in its tapestried rooms about the midnight drear,
When the chains clank on the staircase, and the groaning step draws near.

The chains clank on the staircase, and the step is coming slow,
And the doors creak on their hinges, and the lamp is burning low,
And thou listenest too intently, and thy heart is throbbing fast;—
Be thou coward now or bold, 'twere better face the stormy blast.

Better face the storm without, you think? Alas! I cannot tell:
Perhaps we lose the power, perhaps we lose the wish as well;
For I have watched and pondered many a weary night and day,
Ever listening thus intently in our mystic house of clay;

Ever listening to its strangeness, to its sorrow and its sin,
With a boldness and a terror, and a throbbing heart within;
Bold to know the very thing which I feared indeed to see,
Would the lamp but only hold till I searched the mystery.

For is not this our human life even such a wreck of greatness,
Where the trace of an ancient grandeur marks an equal desolateness?
Since that which hath been is not, or only serves to wake
A thirst for truth and beauty, which, alas! it cannot slake.

And the ruin of its greatness casts all round an air of gloom;
Earth's loveliness is darkened by the shadow of our doom;
And the richness of our nature only adds a bitter point
Of irony to the thought that all is plainly out of joint.

And fitfully, as through a chink, the higher world of God
Breaks in to make more visible our waste and drear abode;
And syllables and whispers, all discordant to rehearse,
Hint unutterable harmonies in the great Universe.

And there are pictured tapestries in chambers of the brain,
The memories of a higher state which still with us remain,
But faded all and mildewed they but deepen our regret,
Like twilight glories telling of a glory that is set.

And mingling with the traces of a wondrous beauty still,
There are lustful satyr faces turning all the good to ill ;
And like birds unholy nestling and defiling every part,
O the broods of evil passions in the corners of the heart.

And if thou watch there thoughtful, in silence of the night,
With a longing and a listening too intent to know the right ;
Have a care, for there are phantoms—be thou cowardly or bold,—
That syllable and whisper what shall make the blood run cold.

O to rid me of that longing ! to stand aloof and free
From the dread, or from the power of the dread Infinity !
O to grasp, or to be careless of, the subtle thoughts that fly
And shun the sense, like flower-smells, the closer we come nigh !

Just to dwell among the little things of life, and be content
With its ordinary being and its ordinary bent ;
Still to wade in the clear shallows and the old accustomed fords,
'Mong the thin and easy truths and the babbling of old words !

To think and feel, and comprehend all I might think and feel,
With a heart that never sickened, and a brain that did not reel
Under the sense of mystery and mighty shadows, cast
Upon the soul from life and death—the future and the past.

So thou'rt crushed beneath a shadow !—Ah ! I would that I could smile
With your satisfied philosophy ; but on my heart the while
The shadow of the Infinite is laid oppressively,
And though I know that it is light, alas ! it darkens me.

In the lonesomeness and thoughtfulness of the still midnight hour,
Hast thou never felt the mystery of being, and its power ?—
The great light from the Godhead, and the cross-light from man,
From that which is and ought to be—the portion and the plan ?

How they are twined and parted, yet firmly linkèd still
By necessity of being in the dread Almighty will !
Hast thou never yearned to see the sun break thro' this gathered haze,
Though he quenched thy little hearth-fire by the glory of his blaze ?

Never felt the eager longing in the inner heart of men,
Like a tiger pacing restless to and fro his narrow den,
For his mighty limbs grow irksome with the lack of room to play,
And he pineth for a leap—a bound into the night or day ?

Ah, me ! to be a botanist or bookworm ! just to task
A herbal or a history to answer all I'd ask ;
And be content to live, and work, and die, and rot—nor ever
Writhe with a mighty longing and a sense of high endeavour.

Why are all things yet a question ? What is nature ? What is man ?
What is truth ? and what is duty ? Why, answer as we can,
Has the soul a deeper question still to put, when all is done,
Which goes echoing into darkness, and answer there is none ?

O, I've heard that echo often die in mockery away
In the distance of conception, like the waters of a bay
Surging far into a lone sea cave—you cannot tell how far—
And there is neither light of torch, nor light of moon or star.

Can I will, and can I be, and do, all I have thought and felt?
Can I mould mine opportunity, and shake off sin and guilt?
Is life so thin-transparent, as men have thought and said?
And God a mere onlooker to see the game well played?

'Twixt the willing and the being—'twixt the darkness and the light,
Is there no interval for Him to exercise His might?
Then perish all my hesitance, and all your power and pelf;—
I will be loyal to the truth, and royal to myself.

I will call out from the depths a boundless truth—a certain key
To unlock the ancient secrets of our hoar perplexity;
For the glow of one vast certainty would banish chaos-night,
And canopy my soul as with a dome of rainbow light.

O the sounding waves should speak to me, and be well understood;
The violet should tell the secret of its pensive mood;
And the dew-drops why their tears are formed on the eyelash of the light,
And that lorn wind in the woodland why it sobs the livelong night.

For the whole creation groaneth with a sorrow not its own,
And to all its many voices grief is still the undertone,
And on all its sunny aspects lies a shadow I would fain
Lift, and know with what a birth it is travailing in pain.

I would speak with the wild Arab deep-throat guttural truth, and sound
The heart-depths of ascetic squatting loathsome on the ground:
Taste all truths of past or present, and all truths of clime and race,
Where'er a true Divinity was deemed to have a place.

I would know all creeds and gospels, and how they played their part,
Each with its place appointed for this changeful human heart:
Each with a dawn of progress, and a share of good and ill,
Each with its work appointed by the Eternal will.

But tossing on the ocean of a changeable belief,
To deem there is no certainty and hope for no relief,
With no faith in the old causeways and the lamplights, it is dreary
To be wandering as I wander now, so aimless, dark, and weary.

Woe's me! but life is rigid—is not plastic to my will;
Thoughts they come and go, like spirits with the mist about them still;
And the strife is ineffectual towards lighting up the soul,
Like the faint and glimmering twilights that creep around the pole.

To myself I am all mystery: I fain would act my part;
But the problem of existence aches unsolved within my heart.
How can this life be possible?—What matter now to ask?
'Tis already a necessity—an urgent, hourly task.

Ah ! there the clouds break up ; and lo ! a clear bright star uprearing,
 Its face deep, deep in heaven, beside the crystal throne appearing :
 Though life be dreary, and truth be dark ; yet duty is not so :
 Lay thy hand then to its labour, and thy heart into the blow.

Like the light of a dark lantern is the guiding light for thee,
 A circle on the earth just where thy foot should planted be :
 But turn it to the mountains that encompass life and doom,
 And it flickers like a shadow, and only shows the gloom.

O the haunted house on the moorland, all lone and desolate,
 Let it stand in its antique fashions frowning grimly on its fate ;
 But brood not thou with thought intense about the dark midnight,
 But turn thee to thy task, and do thy work with all thy might.

The day is short and changeful, the night is drawing on,
 And maybe there is light beyond, and maybe there is none ;
 But the grief and pain and struggle, and the hoar perplexity,
 Will not yield their secrets up to any questioning of thee.

ORWELL.

FROUDE'S HISTORY—VOLS. V. AND VI.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

TEN years ago an eminent German scholar expressed his astonishment at the amount and the value of the contributions which England had recently made to historical literature. That two great histories of Greece should not only have been undertaken, but should have become popular—among us, was a fact which, he said, no experience in his country of books enabled him to account for. He accepted, if he did not suggest, the interpretation, that those who were in the midst of political action must feel an interest in political experiences, from whatever age or nation they are derived, which the most diligent students cannot feel. There was some hope in 1850 that what had been given to one part of the Anglo-Saxon race, would not always be denied to the other. That hope may not be less in 1860. Certainly, the intervening years which have put us in possession of Lord Macaulay's splendid fragment, of several volumes of Mr. Merivale's "Roman Empire," of Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" (at least in its complete form), of Mr. Car-

lyle's "Frederick," and of Mr. Froude's "Tudors,"* have not diminished the evidence that the reign of Queen Victoria is likely to be at least as illustrious in the department of history as in that of physical science.

That Mr. Froude's first four volumes have established a place for themselves among our English classics, is, it seems to me, a greater witness for the historical tendency of our minds in this day, than even the success of such works as Bishop Thirlwall's, or Mr. Grote's.

We know that we have accepted many loose traditions and many false opinions about the classical periods. We can have patience with the scholars who undertake to set us right. We can even feel a sort of gratitude to them. We expect them to adopt a solemn Gibbonian style of writing. But our own history we of course understand ; there may be points in it which require to be cleared up ;

* I have not ventured to include our Transatlantic brethren ; otherwise Mr. Prescott and Mr. Mottley would have made splendid additions to my list.

Whigs and Tories have their own theories and predilections; but one or other of these we take it for granted must be right. All we want is to have the story of our kings rendered to us in short, epigrammatic sentences; to have our own opinions presented to us in an agreeable form; to be occasionally relieved from the necessity of admiring some one who has been reputed a hero.

In all these particulars Mr. Froude has set at nought our demands. Without relapsing into Gibbonism, he positively refuses to cast his sentences in the "Edinburgh Review" moulds. He is resolved to write simple, quiet English, such as a man writes who thinks seriously of the generations of old, and dares not treat them as we treat the writer of the last new novel. He has not introduced any affectations of his own, while he has eschewed those of his contemporaries. The experiment is a very courageous one. Great intrinsic merits are necessary to make a kind of writing acceptable which is so good that it never forces itself upon our notice, which presents its subject with such clearness, that the medium is almost forgotten.

But even if he could be forgiven for being without mannerism, could our English conservative nature tolerate his departure from some of our most approved and fundamental historical maxims? We may be glad if some writer, especially some female writer, will persuade us that we are under no obligation to respect Elizabeth. Those who are Romanists, and those who nibble at Romanism, may be pleased if they are told that Mary has been unjustly disparaged. The opposition to such innovations in some quarters may cause them to be more welcomed in others. But Henry the Eighth is an object of fervent detestation to Romanists and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, English Churchmen and Dissenters. To speak a word in his favour would have been, a few years ago, to incur the denunciation of the most moderate and the most equitable. Sir James Mackintosh, on this topic, is as fierce as

Lingard. If a respectable writer like Sharon Turner raised a timid voice in protest, it was drowned in a shout of indignation, mixed, as it would naturally be, with gentle female cries of horror and pity.

The love of paradox must be stronger than I believe it ever was in any man, if it led him to resist a clamour so general, and having such obvious justification. The love of *truth* might be strong enough in one who was undertaking to write a history which must either ratify or disturb the existing opinion, to make him seriously debate with himself a few such questions as these: "This English Reformation had very much to do with this King Henry, had it not? Romanists say, Protestants say—the plain evidence of history says—that his image is very deeply stamped upon it; that whatever most distinguished it from the Reformations elsewhere, it owed to the fact that a King was more directly concerned in it than Divines. Am I prepared to say that all which was characteristic and peculiar in this Reformation was evil? Am I prepared to say that it ought to have followed another course; that if I had had the management of it, it should have been committed to the divines; and that the universe would have been much better off if I *had* had the management of that, and of sundry other matters about which, unfortunately, I have not been consulted? It may be, no doubt, that I have been mistaken altogether, in thinking the Reformation to be a good. If so, I will go to the history; I will study it fairly; it will no doubt tell me. And then I shall not be the least surprised to find that the main agent in it was simply a Bluebeard, simply a monster. But if it turns out to be good in principle, with whatever evils it may have been accompanied, and if I do not find that the King had less to do with it than my predecessors say that he had, is it not possible, also, that I may find that there was something in him besides that blackness which appears in certain of his actions

"—some whiteness which perhaps will make that blackness look more terrible, but which will also account for doings that it will not account for? Certainly Shakspeare did not regard him as an unmitigated villain; and make what allowances you will for Shakspeare's willingness to flatter his daughter, is not his portrait a somewhat more credible one than that of the post-Stuart chroniclers? Have not modern French historians, such as Michelet, though not specially inclined to favour English sovereigns, been forced by the evidence of documents to confess that he had more notion of the sacredness of the royal word, more reverence for treaties and promises, than Francis or Charles, or any of those contemporaries who have been magnified to his disparagement?"

I say that such thoughts as these must come at times into our minds, and though they may not displace the opinions we have received in our nurseries, may make us disposed to look a little more sharply into the evidence. Mr. Froude assures us that he came to the study with a decided bias in favour of the common opinion. Shakspeare's authority had not the weight with him that it might have with some of us. He suspects the poets almost as much as Plato or Bacon might do. He probably had early prepossessions against the exercise of the royal Supremacy, doubts whether the Reformation was not marred by the royal influence. The sheer conscientious study of facts and documents, has, it seems to me, led him to that conception of the King's character which is the groundwork of his history. That conception has nothing necessarily to do with the opinions which he has formed respecting particular points. He may have understated the case of Catherine; he may be wrong in thinking Anne Boleyn guilty; we may not hold with him about the suddenness of the marriage with Jane Seymour; we may believe that Cromwell was unjustly given up to his enemies. All these questions are open to fresh examination. Mr. Froude has the merit of having dis-

turbed our settled conclusions upon them; he may not have established the opposite. But it is not true—as some have ignorantly and some dishonestly represented—that he has written an apology for the acts of an immoral and lawless tyrant. No charge was ever more directly refuted by the tone and spirit of his book. I do not know any English history which exhibits more unfeigned reverence for goodness, more contempt for baseness, or which is so utterly free from pruriency, even when the subject afforded great temptations to indulge in it.

What Mr. Froude has attempted to show is this; that passion was by no means the characteristic of Henry, by no means the source of even his worst acts. He was, first of all, a Tudor king, inheriting from his father and cherishing in his own mind an intensely strong sense of the power and office of a King; possessing in a high degree many of the peculiarly royal qualities—a strong will, a reverence for law, clear sense, application to business—not possessing at all in the same proportion the humane qualities, though not absolutely deficient in these; therefore at any time disposed for political ends—for what seemed to him the duty of a monarch—to sweep away the personal regards and attachments which stood in his way. This policy of Henry Mr. Froude believes not to have been the cunning Machiavellian policy of his time, but to have been in the main honest and manly. He believes, as Shakspeare did, that the King felt and did not feign conscientious scruples on the subject of his marriage with Catherine; that his scruples may at a certain period have mingled with affection for Anne, but that that affection did not determine his conduct; that it was determined mainly by considerations respecting the peril of the nation if he left no male issue. Such a character is far from attractive. No one can fall into a sentimental admiration of it. But it contains dispositions which belong to the strong English mould; a vigorous sense of responsibility, comparatively cold affec-

tions. It is as unlike as possible to a form of character with which it has been compared. Lord Byron talks of George IV. as compounded of two elements, Henry's being the principal. Such an opinion falls in well with the popular theory; according to that, the elder prince was worse than his successor by all that Catherine of Arragon was better than Caroline of Brunswick. But if the besetting sin of Henry was a disregard of family and personal ties, when set against the supposed obligations of the sovereign, and the besetting sin of George an impatience of all restraint upon his appetites and ease, whether it came through the laws of the household or the business of the kingdom, we perceive that the imaginary likeness is a striking contrast; we learn too, perhaps, wherein the temptations of the nineteenth century differ from those of the sixteenth.

On all these grounds, but especially on the last, I hold Mr. Froude's idea of the King to be more consistent with itself, less dangerous to morality, fuller of historical light than that which it supersedes. The Tudor age is that age which was to show what the sovereign could do, as the Stuart was that which was to show what he could not do. Strictly speaking, one is not less important for the history of the constitution than the other; but if we throw back the mere constitutional watchwords of Prerogative and Privilege, which are most important for the second period, to the first, we involve ourselves in great confusion. The privileges of the Commons, if they were sometimes affronted, were quite as often vindicated by that very prerogative which was afterwards set in opposition to them. The power of the Commons as against the Lords, as against the ecclesiastical authority, was never more brought out than in Henry's time. The King's supremacy was felt to be the assertion of a national principle; the Nation realised its own existence in the existence of its ruler. And that perilous blasphemy which threatened under James and Charles to confound the king with God, existed far

less in the time when the royal power was a fact, and not a theory. The King, casting off his allegiance to a foreign bishop, was claiming indeed an authority which became fearful; but the claim was in itself one of subjection to an actual spiritual Ruler, the confession of an invisible King of kings, and Lord of lords. In that confession lay the faith of England in the sixteenth century; its faith and its morality also. Faith or trust was the watchword of the Reformation. But faith or trust in a doctrine, or as a doctrine, had no worth for the practical English mind. Trust or faith in a Person, and that not chiefly because He was powerful, but because He was righteous, was that which associated itself with their old loyalty. It could not be satisfied with any visible monarch who so often showed himself to be unrighteous; but without the visible monarch, the invisible would have been indistinct and shadowy. The representative of generations of Welsh and Saxon sovereigns, now no longer bowing to a foreign priest, educated his subjects into a belief in One who lived for ever and ever. All the doctors in the world could supply no such education; they could only do good so far as they helped to administer that which a better Wisdom had provided; in so far as they used the open English Bible to explain to the English people how kings had ruled in old time the chosen people in the name of the unseen Lord of Hosts, how all visible idolatry had been the cause of their degradation and his.

Mr. Froude's insurrection against our prevalent and customary notion of Henry's character has been exceedingly helpful in restoring this older and simpler apprehension of our annals. His two last volumes will do much to strengthen and deepen it. Many who fancied they disliked the former for their paradox, will dislike these for their freedom from paradox. They will complain of them as wanting excitement and novelty, as maintaining very much those old notions respecting the characters and events of the time which (under

protest) we should like to exchange for others more racy and startling. When we had hoped that Lord Macaulay had given us reasons for despising Cranmer, we find him resuming his claims upon our affection and admiration. Somerset and Northumberland prove to be much what we supposed they were; Edward is still a hopeful, conscientious, highly cultivated boy. Whether Foxe is a safe authority or not, Mr. Froude will not excuse us from paying our ancient homage to the Marian martyrs. Nevertheless, these two volumes respecting Edward and Mary are, I conceive, at least equal in originality, in historical research, in biographical interest, in right and noble feeling, and in clearness and simplicity of style, to those which preceded them. I should have added as a more marked characteristic of them than all, a rigid impartiality, if that title were not open to the greatest mistake. Most just Mr. Froude is in bringing forth the virtues both of Protestants and Catholics; most just in exposing their sins. But there is no impartiality in *this* sense, that he looks down upon both as from a higher judgment-seat of his own; or in this sense, that he treats their differences as insignificant, such as only school controversialists would trouble themselves with. From this arrogance and frivolity, which are the great diseases of modern historians, he is, if not absolutely free, yet more free than any, so far as I know, who have handled the subject before him, unless they have lent themselves to the views of a faction, and have made the history repeat its decrees. His impartiality arises from no love for an Anglican *Via Media*, which gives those who walk in it a title to insult the passengers on either side of the road. He regards the attempt of divines to cut such a path as this as feeble and abortive. He always prefers strong men to weak men; he does not condemn vehemence except where he believes it to be wholly or partly insincere. But he sees more clearly, I think, than any previous historian, that the Protestant dogmatizers of Edward's reign, and the Catholic dogmatizers of Mary's reign,

were not only of necessity persecutors, but were of necessity trucklers to dishonest statesmen, practisers of statecraft. They might affect to hate compromises; but the ends which they proposed to themselves made very discreditable compromises inevitable. They could not establish the opinions which they thought it all-important to establish, except by the sacrifice of both manliness and godliness. Those who fancied they were pushing the Reformation to the furthest point, had to discover that they were forgetting the very meaning of reformation, that all the moral abuses which they had denounced were re-appearing under another name, and could justify themselves as well on Protestant as on Popish maxims; that they had swept away the barriers which hindered man's access to God, only that they might with more comfort and satisfaction present their offerings to the devil.

It is in showing how these discoveries forced themselves upon the minds of the better Protestant teachers during their prosperity, how manfully they spoke against the evils which their own system was developing, yet how hard, how impossible it was for them to discover where the evil lay, or to devise a remedy for it: it is in showing how the Divine medicine of adversity provided that for them which they were wanting and could not invent for themselves, and how courageously some of them drank that medicine to the dregs; how others, who had been loudest in using all the cant phrases of their school, in denouncing the most earnest men as half-hearted, and in invoking the judgments of God and man upon their opponents, were shown in the day of trouble to be the atheists they had always really been—it is for these discoveries that Protestants owe so much gratitude to Mr. Froude. It is not for me to say what Roman Catholics ought to learn or may learn from him; but I cannot help hoping that they will appreciate the frankness of his confessions respecting the first reign, his desire to do Mary justice, his acknowledgment of the advantage which

Gardiner had over his opponents whilst he was their prisoner, his readiness to show that much of the Catholic feeling of the English people was a genuine reverence for what was sacred, which the Reformers could not insult without imperilling all which it was most their duty to maintain. To both Protestant and Romanist, and still more, perhaps, to the English Churchman, the great worth of the volumes lies in the comparison which they afford between the two reigns, and in the proof which is derived from them that the refusal of Henry and Elizabeth to sanction Protestantism or Romanism merely as such, may have been inspired by a good spirit (however much in either or both it degenerated into tyranny), and may have led to results for which all generations have to be grateful. *Protestants* in the strongest sense (though not exactly in the sense of the Diet of Spysers)—because they maintained that independence of the English Sovereign upon any foreign rule which all the Plantagenets had been trying to maintain; *Catholics* (though in the opposite sense to that of the Catholic League)—inasmuch as they had no wish to separate England from the general fellowship of Christendom, provided she were not forced to outrage any Christendom principle—they discovered by instinct what the doctors could not discover by logic; they saved their country from becoming utterly the victim of theological dissensions, which threatened its highest spiritual interests as well as its common earthly honesty; they vindicated the connexion between its politics and its worship; they prepared the way for a time when their own efforts to produce uniformity of faith should be felt to be poor and futile, when they should yield to a desire for unity of faith, which no schemes of statesmen or of Churchmen shall be able to stifle or to satisfy.

I have preferred to speak of the total impression which these volumes have made upon me, of the general lessons which they have taught me, than to comment upon particular passages. It

is a book written for study and not for effect; yet there are narratives which are most effective. The rising in the West and in Norfolk in the year 1549 is admirably described; Wyatt's insurrection, especially the termination of it, with still greater spirit. We can only give the beginning, not the best part of the latter story. Mr. Froude has exhibited the Queen in all the weakness, discontent, and mawkishness of her passion for Philip; he has to show her hereafter soured and darkened by fanaticism; he can represent her also in all the true dignity of a Tudor princess.

"Had Wyatt, said Noailles, been able to reach London simultaneously with this answer, he would have found the gates open and the whole population eager to give him welcome. To his misfortune he lingered on the way, and the queen had time to use his words against him. The two gentlemen returned indignant at his insolence. The next morning Count Egmont waited on Mary to say that he and his companions were at her service, and would stand by her to their death. Perplexed as she was, Egmont said he found her 'marvellously firm.' The marriage, she felt, must, at all events, be postponed for the present; the prince could not come till the insurrection was at an end; and, while she was grateful for the offer, she not only thought it best to decline the ambassadors' kindness, but she recommended them, if possible, to leave London and the country without delay. Their party was large enough to irritate the people, and too small to be of use. She bade Egmont, therefore, tell the Emperor that from the first she had put her trust in God, and that she trusted in Him still; and for themselves, she told them to go at once, taking her best wishes with them. They obeyed. Six Antwerp merchant sloops were in the river below the bridge, waiting to sail. They stole on board, dropped down the tide, and were gone.

"The afternoon of the same day the queen herself, with a studied air of dejection, rode through the streets to the Guildhall, attended by Gardiner and the remnant of the guard. In St. Paul's Churchyard she met Pembroke, and slightly bowed as she passed him. Gardiner was observed to stoop to his saddle. The hall was crowded with citizens; some brought there by hatred, some by respect, many by pity, but more by curiosity. When the queen entered she stood forward on the steps, above the throng, and, in her deep man's voice, she spoke to them.

"Her subjects had risen in rebellion against her, she said; she had been told that the cause was her intended marriage with the Prince of

Spain; and, believing that it was the real cause, she had offered to hear and to respect their objections. Their leader had betrayed in his answer his true motives; he had demanded possession of the Tower of London and of her own person. She stood there, she said, as lawful Queen of England, and she appealed to the loyalty of her great city to save her from a presumptuous rebel, who, under specious pretences, intended to 'subdue the laws to his will, and to give scope to rascals and forlorn persons to make general havoc and spoil.' As to her marriage, she had supposed that so magnificent an alliance could not have failed to be agreeable to her people. To herself, and, she was not afraid to say, to her council, it seemed to promise high advantage to the commonwealth. Marriage, in itself, was indifferent to her; she had been invited to think of it by the desire of the country that she should have an heir; but she could continue happily in the virgin state in which she had hitherto passed her life. She would call a parliament, and the subject should be considered in all its bearings; if, on mature consideration, the Lords and Commons of England should refuse to approve of the Prince of Spain as a fitting husband for her, she promised, on the word of a queen, that she would think of him no more.

"The spectacle of her distress won the sympathy of her audience; the boldness of her bearing commanded their respect; the promise of a parliament satisfied, or seemed to satisfy, all reasonable demands: and among the wealthy citizens there was no desire to see London in possession of an armed mob, in whom the Anabaptist leaven was deeply inter-fused. The speech, therefore, had remarkable success. The queen returned to Westminster, leaving the corporation converted to the prudence of supporting her. Twenty-five thousand men were enrolled the next day for the protection of the crown and the capital; Lord William Howard was associated with the mayor in the command; and Wyatt, who had reached Greenwich on Thursday, and had wasted two days there, uncertain whether he should not cross the river in boats to Blackwall, arrived on Saturday morning at Southwark, to find the gates closed on London Bridge, and the draw-bridge flung down into the water."

As I have no excuse for indulging in the narratives of the deaths in Oxford or at Smithfield, I will take the conclusion of the whole matter.

"This was the 14th of November. The same day, or the day after, a lady-in-waiting carried the queen's last wishes to her successor. They were the same which she had already mentioned to De Feria—that her debts should be paid, and that the Catholic religion might be maintained, with an addi-

tional request that her servants should be properly cared for. Then, taking leave of a world in which she had played so ill a part, she prepared, with quiet piety, for the end. On the 16th, at midnight, she received the last rites of the Church. Towards morning, as she was sinking, mass was said at her bedside. At the elevation of the Host, unable to speak or move, she fixed her eyes upon the body of her Lord; and as the last words of the benediction were uttered, her head sunk, and she was gone.

"A few hours later, at Lambeth, Pole followed her, and the reign of the Pope in England, and the reign of terror, closed together.

"No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries; and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their natural sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of her inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamations which had welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which will cling to it for ever; and yet from the passions which in general tempt sovereigns into crime, she was entirely free; to the time of her accession she had lived a blameless, and, in many respects, a noble life; and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing.

"Philip's conduct, which could not extinguish her passion for him, and the collapse of the inflated imaginations which had surrounded her supposed pregnancy, it can hardly be doubted affected her sanity. Those forlorn hours when she would sit on the ground with her knees drawn to her face; those restless days and nights when, like a ghost, she would wander about the palace galleries, rousing herself only to write tear-blotted letters to her husband; those bursts of fury over the libels dropped in her way; or the marchings in procession behind the Host in the London streets—these are all symptoms of hysterical derangement, and leave little room, as we think of her, for other feelings than pity. But if Mary was insane, the madness was of a kind which placed her absolutely under her spiritual directors; and the responsibility for her cruelties, if responsibility be anything but a name, rests first with Gardiner, who commenced them, and, secondly, and in a higher degree, with Reginald Pole. Because Pole, with the council, once interfered to prevent an imprudent massacre in Smithfield; because, being legate, he left the common duties of his diocese to subordinates; he is not to be held innocent of atrocities which could neither have been commenced nor continued without his sanction; and he was notoriously the one person in the council whom

the queen absolutely trusted. The revenge of the clergy for their past humiliations, and the too natural tendency of an oppressed party to abuse suddenly recovered power, combined to originate the Marian persecution. The rebellions and massacres, the political scandals, the universal suffering throughout the country during Edward's minority, had created a general bitterness in all classes against the Reformers; the Catholics could appeal with justice to the apparent consequences of heretical opinions; and when the Reforming preachers themselves denounced so loudly the irreligion which had attended their success, there was little wonder that the world took them at their word, and was ready to permit the use of strong suppressive measures to keep down the unruly tendencies of uncontrolled fanatics.

"But neither these nor any other feelings of English growth, could have produced the scenes which have stamped this unhappy reign with a character so frightful. The parliament which re-enacted the Lollard statutes, had refused to restore the Six Articles as being too severe; yet under the Six Articles twenty-one persons only suffered in six years; while, perhaps, not twice as many more had been executed under the earlier acts in the century and a half in which they had stood on the Statute roll. The harshness of the law confined the action of it to men who were definitely dangerous; and when the bishops' powers were given back to them, there was little anticipation of the manner in which those powers would be misused.

"And that except from some special influences they would not have been thus misused, the local character of the prosecution may be taken to prove. The storm was violent only in London, in Essex which was in the diocese of London, and in Canterbury. It raged long after the death of Gardiner; and Gardiner, though he made the beginning, ceased after the first few months to take further part in it. The Bishop of Winchester would have had a persecution, and a keen one; but the fervour of others left his lagging zeal far behind. For the first and last time the true Ultramontane spirit was dominant in England—the genuine conviction that, as the orthodox prophets and sovereigns of Israel slew the worshippers of Baal, so were Catholic rulers called upon, as their first duty, to extirpate heretics as the enemies of God and man.

"The language of the legate to the City of London shows the devout sincerity with which he held that opinion himself. Through him, and sustained by his authority, the queen held it; and by these two the ecclesiastical government of England was conducted.

"Archbishop Parker, who knew Pole and Pole's doings well, called him *Carnifex et flagellum Ecclesie Anglicane*, the hangman and the scourge of the Church of England. His character was irreproachable; in all the virtues of the Catholic Church he walked without spot or stain; and the system to which he had sur-

rendered himself had left to him of the common selfishness of mankind his enormous vanity alone. But that system had extinguished also in him the human instincts, the genial emotions by which theological theories stand especially in need to be corrected. He belonged to a class of persons at all times numerous, in whom enthusiasm takes the place of understanding; who are men of an 'idea'; and unable to accept human things as they are, are passionate loyalists, passionate churchmen, passionate revolutionists, as the accidents of their age may determine. Happily for the welfare of mankind, persons so constituted rarely arrive at power; should power come to them, they use it, as Pole used it, to defeat the ends which are nearest to their hearts.

"The teachers who finally converted the English nation to Protestantism were not the declaimers from the pulpit, nor the voluminous controversialists with the pen. These, indeed, could produce arguments which, to those who were already convinced, seemed as if they ought to produce conviction; but conviction did not follow till the fruits of the doctrine bore witness to the spirit from which it came. The evangelical teachers, caring only to be allowed to develop their own opinions, and persecute their opponents, had walked hand in hand with men who had spared neither tomb nor altar, who had stripped the lead from the church roofs, and stolen the bells from the church towers; and between them they had so outraged such plain honest minds as remained in England, that had Mary been content with mild repression, had she left the Pope to those who loved him, and had married, instead of Philip, some English lord, the mass would have retained its place, the clergy in moderate form would have resumed their old authority, and the Reformation would have waited for a century. In an evil hour, the queen listened to the unwise advisers, who told her that moderation in religion was the sin of the Laodiceans; and while the fanatics who had brought scandal on the Reforming cause, either truckled, like Shaxton, or stole abroad to wrangle over surplices and forms of prayer, the true and the good atoned with their lives for the crimes of others, and vindicated a noble cause by nobly dying for it.

"And while among the Reformers that which was most bright and excellent shone out with preternatural lustre, so were the Catholics permitted to exhibit also the preternatural features of the creed which was expiring.

"Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although, in the queen's own guard, there were many who never listened to a mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges; they

gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plough; they laid hands on maidens and boys 'who had never heard of any other religion than that which they were called on to abjure;' old men tottering into the grave; and children whose lips could but just lip the articles of their creed; and of these they made their burnt-offerings; with these they crowded their prisons, and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacles is hard to say. The persecution lasted three years, and in that time something less than 300 persons were burnt at the stake. 'By imprisonment,' said Lord Burleigh, 'by torment, by famine, by fire, almost the number of 400 were,' in their various ways, 'lamentably destroyed.'

"Yet, as I have already said, interference was impossible except by armed force. The country knew from the first that by the course of nature the period of cruelty must be a brief one; it knew that a successful rebellion is at best a calamity; and the bravest and wisest men would not injure an illustrious cause by conduct less than worthy of it, so long as endurance was possible. They had saved Elizabeth's life and Elizabeth's rights; and Elizabeth, when her time came, would deliver her subjects. The Catholics, therefore, were permitted to continue their cruelties till the cup of iniquity was full; till they had taught the educated laity of England to regard them with horror; and until the Romanist superstition had died, amidst the execrations of the people, of its own excess."

Some will say that Pole is hardly treated here and elsewhere in these volumes. If Mr. Froude's statements respecting him can be refuted, Englishmen may recover that estimate of him which they have derived from the older historians. But I cannot feel that the character is inconsistent with itself, or that Mr. Froude is wrong in giving, as he certainly does, the preference to Gardiner as being more of an English statesman, and not a worse Churchman. I should be more inclined to dispute Mr. Froude's judgment of Paget. That he should feel a real respect for a man who was not only keen-sighted, and in the main just, but who anticipated the modern opinions respecting persecution, is not

wonderful. Mr. Froude has earned a right to express a little over-sympathy with a Latitudinarian, by his cordial appreciation of men of an opposite type of character. But I cannot discover that the Pagets, the Halifaxes, and the trimmers of the sixteenth or the seventeenth centuries, really did anything to secure that their convictions—if convictions they are to be called—should be the inheritance of the ages that were to succeed them. They were wise for themselves. They scorned much that was worthy of scorn, but they could not make their scorn effective for the cure of it. They despised persecutors; they did not seriously curse persecution. When a man was disagreeably pertinacious in his opinions, they were so tolerant of others that they found it quite justifiable to be intolerant of him. They thought it very absurd to kill for a faith, but they thought it quite as absurd to die for one. And this alone has made persecution impossible in any country or any age, this only will make it impossible in all countries and in all ages: that it has been established by a series of demonstrations, some of which Mr. Froude has beautifully recorded, that he who kills for a faith must be weak, that he who dies for a faith must be strong.¹

¹ Do I mean to endorse the pious fraud that the persecutor always fails of his immediate object, and strengthens the cause which he desires to crush? Certainly not. The impotency of his material force in the spiritual battle is established by other evidence than that. His success is his defeat. He cannot deprive his victims of their faith. Unless he is saved by becoming a sufferer, he loses his own. Unless his country is saved by similar suffering, it ceases to believe when it is reduced into acquiescence. This is the persecutor's curse; thus the divine law is vindicated. I do not say that the remark can be applied strictly to any persecutions except those which Christians have set on foot against each other and against infidels. If the Cross is *not* the sign and the power of conquest, there is no manifest direct contradiction in trying to conquer for a faith by inflicting punishment instead of bearing it.

THE ARTISAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY PERCY GREG.

THOSE who have read the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater"—and few of us have not—will recollect in the earlier part of that remarkable volume the author's description of the manner in which he was wont to spend "an opium evening" in his youth. Under the peculiar influence exerted by that marvellous drug, in a frame of mind disposed to quiet contemplation and sentimental entertainment, but wholly averse from laborious thought or keen excitement, he was wont to seek amusement and interest in a stroll among the unfashionable marts of London: to watch the working man in his commercial dealings, the working woman in her humble round of weekly shopping; to hear their talk and gather their thoughts upon their lot in life, upon the things and persons that surround them, during the few gas-light hours in which it is their practice to purchase wherewithal to feed and clothe and warm themselves and their children, as best they may, during the seven days that are to follow. And such a walk,—though it lie not exactly through neighbourhoods as quiet and pleasant as Kensington Gardens, or streets and squares as fair to look upon as those of Belgravia and Mayfair; though the localities through which it may lead us are not always clean, and are too often both unsightly and unsavoury, offending our senses in no trivial degree,—yet has its picturesque and interesting aspect. Humanity cannot well fail of picturesque effect, wherever it has to wage a hard and earnest struggle, however ugly and ill-built the dwellings it haunts, however squalid the rags which are its only uniform, in the Battle of Life.

The crowded market in a by-way, lighted by flaring jets of gas in double rows, and crammed with purchasers so closely clustered together that it would

seem hardly possible to reach the stalls at its further end in time to effect a purchase—the little shops which are making an effort at unusual display in order to attract purchasers who are not likely to scrutinize very closely the texture of that showy dress which is marked at a figure so surprisingly low, and who will be too hurried to notice that yonder "cheap and elegant" coat and vest are got up to sell and not to wear;—the shopkeepers and stallkeepers who stand at their doors or at the side of their handcarts, keeping up a continual confused bawl, which, if attentively analysed, seems to run—"Only a penny, gentlemen, only a penny! no better in London, marm, twopence half-penny a pound—only twopence ha'penny—fine bacon—now then! buy! buy! buy!"—and the eager, hurried throng of jostling purchasers, glancing at everything, coveting everything, buying at last that which is most pressed upon them; with here and there some quiet knowing ones among them, who have set their hearts on some special adornment for the wife's bonnet, or some new delicacy for the husband's Sunday dinner, and are not to be tempted aside by the noisy offers which beset them on all hands—all these things compose a scene which is worth notice, and which, at first sight, is amusing and not displeasing to behold.

If, however, we walk in among the crowd of sellers and buyers, and look a little more closely than do the latter at the articles offered to their selection; above all, if we do so not when noise and business have reached their highest point, but before the thickest press has commenced, and before, at this season, the daylight has departed from those huge screens of joints of unwholesome-looking meat which veil one shop, and the piles of withered peas which are heaped on the rude counter of another,

we shall presently obtain a glimpse of the underside of the matter which is more instructive than agreeable. We shall then see at what disadvantage stands the shopping which is done by gaslight, amid the confusion of incessant noise and the hurry of impatient customers. That beef, for instance, is not such as a good housewife would think of buying; much of the bacon yonder is of a kind that Do-the-boys Hall would be ashamed of; and the smell of the mackerel exposed on the fish-stall in the corner is so objectionable, that it makes itself felt even amid the innumerable odours of this unsavoury place, and compels us to form a decided opinion as to the fitness of the fishmonger's wares for human food. Those shoes, too, look very much as if they were the unsaleable refuse of some more fashionable locality—especially those dedicated to the "ladies." Of those which seem fit for working men, the more serviceable were possibly bought from some government establishment as "old stores," at a fourth of the price that will to-night be asked for them. And so on throughout. Everything—except, of course, the prices—is third-rate at best, and often merely worthless. The customers must go home ill-shod, ill-fed, unfitly clothed, and must dine to-morrow on meat decidedly "high," and fish unmistakeably odorous; and all this not because they cannot afford to pay for proper food and clothing, but because all their purchases are made at once, by gaslight, in a crowd and in a hurry; because they are in the hands of itinerant stallkeepers, and shopkeepers of scarcely higher character; and because too many of them come to their purchases not from home, but from the public-house, with heads not of the clearest, and with pockets a little less heavy than they were three or four hours ago.

To many of the small dealers in such localities Saturday night is worth as much as the rest of the week altogether; many of them take more between six and twelve on Saturday night than between Monday morning and Saturday afternoon. Here is a baker doing a

more regular daily business than his neighbours, who tells us that his receipts during those six hours are equal to those of any other three days in the week. And outside the baker's door is a man with a small hand-cart, on which are piles of starved cherries, sour apples, and half-ripe gooseberries. He never comes there except on Saturday night, and he pays the baker four shillings a week for leave to stand there on the little strip of pavement which, as private property, is exempt from clearance by the police. He can afford to pay out of six hours' profit on his wretched stock a rent of four shillings for the square yard of ground he stands on. There are plenty of lads and lasses released to-night from their week's toil with a few shillings in their pockets and a taste for fruit rather comprehensive than choice, who will amply remunerate him for his outlay. Next to his stands the barrow of a woman who sells penny bottles of something which she calls ginger-beer, but to which I should hesitate to assign a name. She stands there every day; but she, too, would have a poor living of it were it not for Saturday night, when the man who has seventeen or twenty shillings in his pocket thinks less of a penny than he will do by Thursday or Friday next. And those immense heaps of peas which on a summer Saturday night are piled over half the green-grocer's disposable space, would hardly find purchasers on any other evening. One evening of business at high profits pays the dealer in the poor man's market for a week of slack trade and scanty gains. From six hours' profits does he get his living, and those profits must come from the scanty resources of families in which the breadwinner earns from fifteen to thirty-five shillings a week.

Very different is the case of the west-end; very striking the contrast between Saturday night in western shops and in Whitechapel markets, between the Saturday of the rich and the Saturday of the poor.

Were this only one of the manifold instances in which by mere force of neighbourhood the distinctions of rank

and fortune are so painfully illustrated in all great cities, it would hardly be worth while to notice it. It is a profitless task to cite instances of the luxury of the affluent here brought so very close to the destitution of the indigent; it is invidious to remind the wealthy of the near proximity of want and hunger; it is much worse than useless to hold up before the eyes of the pauper the envied enjoyments of the millionaire. These things are part of an order of society which I leave it to casuists to defend, and to utopists to dream of abolishing. But when the differences we discern are not the necessary consequences of existing social conditions, where the poor man suffers under disadvantages not essential but incidental; under evils not inherent in poverty, but the fruit of bad arrangements, where the evils of his lot are aggravated, not by the law of nature, but by the mismanagement of men; above all, where the interests of the working man are sacrificed not to the pride or profit of others, but to the tyranny of a custom which, if once natural or reasonable, is now simply mischievous; or when he suffers under the effects of his own vice, or weakness, or improvidence—it is possible that something may be done towards a remedy by merely calling attention to the existence of an evil, and to the sources from which it springs.

The shop of the silversmith, or the perfumer, or the fashionable milliner, is no more crowded on the last day of the week than on any other. There are no more carriages in Regent-street, no additional crowd on its pavements; Bond-street is not fuller than on the Monday. You could not tell by the appearance of Oxford-street that it was not Tuesday or Thursday. Swan and Edgar's presents no scene of extraordinary bustle; Savory and Moore are no busier than usual; nor are Fortnum and Mason compelled to keep open till midnight. *There is a day's work to be done, not a week's.* The lady customers have not come to lay in provisions for a week, as if they were about to stand a siege. They do not come down in anxious

haste to pay the little account which has been standing over for three days because they had not money to pay it till their week's income should have been received. They are not obliged to postpone their shopping till late in the evening because their husbands could not get paid as early as usual. They are not in a hurry to make their purchases and get rid of their cash lest their lords, having an idle day to-morrow, should squander the week's income at the club or at Greenwich. All days are alike to them; and but for the impending services of the morrow they would have nothing to remind them that this is the seventh day of the week and not the second. This is not so with the poor busy women, with haggard faces, and anxious hurried steps, who crowd around the stalls in the New Cut, lighted by flaring jets of gas, about the hour at which the West-End remembers that it is time to dress for dinner. That eager dame must needs make her purchases to-night to keep her family in food and out of rags for a week; knowing full well, poor soul, that if she postpone her marketings she has small chance of keeping her money by her till the hour when she actually needs it—so many and pressing are the demands on the poor man's purse, so completely does he live from hand to mouth. So she must buy by gaslight, and take her chance of the quality of the articles, half-spoiled meat and stale vegetables, leaky shoes, prints that will not wash, and stockings that will not wear. The uncertain light—it is in these places that one learns how bad a light is that of gas—gives her no chance of detecting flaws; the long train waiting to be served compels her to take what she can get, and be thankful. Every one is short of time; every one is in that degree of haste which proverbially makes no good speed. So she must take her goods, such as they are, and pass on, having paid for them at the rate of wholesome beef, sound leather, and first-rate calico—perhaps even more. People do say that these markets have a *Saturday price*; that, owing to the immense pressure of business crowded into this

one night, the charges of the sellers are made in a somewhat more arbitrary manner than is consistent with very scrupulous truth and fairness; that Saturday evening purchasers are not only put off with inferior articles, but are made also to pay as much as twenty per cent. above the every-day value of the best. But even without imputing any such malpractices to the dealers,—even admitting that the tradesmen from whom the poor must purchase are as superior to the tricks of trade as the best of Regent-street shopkeepers—it is evident that those who have always to be served in a hurry must always be served ill. They have no time to deliberate over their purchases, to choose and pick and select what will best suit their means and most nearly meet their wants; they are deprived of all opportunity of making the little money at their disposal go as far as possible; they are, as it were, forced into extravagance and mismanagement. Even if the women of the poorer classes were good housewives, well skilled in matters of domestic economy, as they are notoriously the reverse, they would fare ill in such a rush and press of buyers, and the work which has to be done in haste and confusion would be ill done, however well they understood their business. As they are most often lamentably deficient in all that would be to them really "useful knowledge," while subject in the market to disadvantages which must neutralize skill and render care almost impossible, what wonder that the artisan's home is so comfortless, his wages so insufficient and ill-husbanded, as they are found in practice? Which of the oppressions he complains against weighs so heavily on him as this Saturday night marketing, of which he makes no complaint?

Of the evils here exposed there are three principal causes: the improvidence of the working-classes themselves, their unfortunate habits of Saturday and Sunday drinking, and the custom of paying wages on Saturday afternoons.

The first affords the answer to the question, why might not the poor avoid

this hurried marketing? Though they are only paid on Saturday evening, might they not let the Sunday pass over, and make purchases on the Monday sufficient to last till the Monday following? Or why need they make a week's purchases all at once? Might they not buy meat and potatoes on Monday, coal and wood and bread on Wednesday? Might they not, in a word, by a little thought and prudence, enjoy the advantage of buying, at their own option, on any evening of the week? Possibly they might; but those greatly misconceive both their circumstances and their character who consider it at all probable that they will. It is a matter of painful certainty that vast numbers of our working population are to the last degree reckless and improvident; unable to resist the temptations of to-day, or steadily regard and provide for the necessities of to-morrow.

As economists would say, the effective desire of accumulation is very weak with them; in Mr. Mill's expressive phrase, the present occupies a wholly disproportionate space in their thoughts as compared even with the immediate future. We have heard of the disciples of the Jesuits of Paraguay—the Indian converts—who could hardly be brought to regard "next year" as a time within the limits of human thought; a period for which they were bound to consider and provide. Scarcely by unremitting care could their spiritual pastors and temporal rulers persuade them to preserve sufficient seed-corn to secure an adequate harvest; nor was it an uncommon occurrence that the oxen used for ploughing should be cut up for supper, because their masters were hungry. And this, not because the men were idle, or stupid, or sensual; but because they were incapable of taking to-morrow into account; because they were, in the literal sense of the word, improvident—unforeseeing. Our English artisans resemble these Indians not a little in the economy of their domestic arrangements. They think far too much of to-day; far too little of this day week; little or nothing of this

day six months. With their wages in their pocket on Saturday night, they provide luxuries for Sunday, without caring much if scanty comfort remain for Friday next. They think more of the Sunday's ample breakfast, and even luxurious dinner, than of the supper which they will not be able to buy on Thursday night—of Friday's meagre fare—of the dry crusts which must satisfy their hunger and their children's during the working hours of Saturday, till pay-time comes round again. One day's feasting, and six days' fasting, is their choice; and it has happened to employers in moderate circumstances, to see their labourers, earning perhaps 30s. a week per family, take home the delicacies of the season for their Sunday dinner, when the price was yet so high that the tradesman or manufacturer of 800*l.* or 1,000*l.* a year did not feel that he could afford them. A six days' pinching follows. By Saturday afternoon there is not a crust of bread in the cottage; the children are hungry, as well they may be; the father has done his work fasting, and the wages which he brings home must be at once spent in buying food, even if they have not been already tithed by the publican before they reach the wife. How can these people postpone their purchases till Monday? Or if one week some rare good fortune enabled them to do so, is it not clear that the effect would only be, with such habits, to make them live in comfort that week, consuming in six days what seven days' income had purchased; and that when Saturday night came round, the cupboard would again be bare, and the Saturday market again be sought? We have most of us heard of worse improvidence than this. I was told of one district—a district, too, of good work and high wages—where the wife keeps house by pawning clothes and household chattels during the week, which the husband must for his own comfort and satisfaction redeem on Saturday night—finding this the only mode of securing a sufficient share of his income for herself and children. It is this improvidence which causes the

Saturday market to display so many of the workman's favourite luxuries, and makes the week-day business of the shops so dull, where they depend on working customers: that makes the Sunday's fare so great a contrast to the Friday's scraps. This cause of waste and discomfort no efforts of others can remove: all they can do is to remodel arrangements which confirm and seem to excuse the costly and disastrous habit.

Unhappily this is not all; it is not the worst. Give the working man a prudent and thrifty helpmate, willing and able to employ his wages to the best advantage: the Sunday holiday will sadly derange her prudent calculations. We know too well the way in which that day of rest is most often spent by those to whom it should be more blessed than to any others—those whose six days' toil has made it most necessary to them. Most generally, Saturday night and Sunday are thought a good occasion for "a spree": and a "spree" seems to mean a prolonged visit to the gin-shop or the beer-house. The London artisan sometimes indulges in a Sunday trip into the country; too frequently he merely lounges about the streets, picks up a stray acquaintance, and goes with him to the working man's club—the public-house. If the wife save her money till Monday, she cannot count on the forbearance of her husband. In many and many a case, were we to watch her home from the Saturday market, we should see a very sufficient reason for her hasty expenditure of the funds which she had obtained from her good man immediately after he received his wages. The idle day that follows is apt to make the "Cottar's Saturday Night" in towns an occasion, for the man who for that one night is "flush" of money, of boozing in a beer-shop or getting maddened with the worst of adulterated beverages in a gin-palace; and if the week's wages were still within his reach, it is but too probable that the Sunday would be still more riotously and expensively passed. Bad and wasteful as it is, the Saturday evening marketing is probably the safest

plan for wives whose husbands are that day paid their weekly stipend.

But why should wages be paid on Saturday evening? Why should a working man receive his money just when he has most temptation to mispend it, and least chance of spending it with full effect and advantage? Why should those who are as a class notoriously thriftless and improvident be always "in pocket" at the moment when they have a day before them which they can devote to idleness and pleasure—an evening on which they may drink their fill with the certainty of having time to sleep off the consequences, unaroused by the bell that summons to work, and taking little heed, alas! of those that call to prayer? Is there any reason, except that such is the custom—a custom stupid, purposeless, and mischievous? Is it that the employer may make up the account of the week's expenses at the week's end? A poor excuse this would be for an arrangement by which so much substantial injury is done to the work-people. Why should not the week be made, for purposes of account, to end on another day? Is it that the poor may always have wherewithal to enjoy their one weekly holiday? Probably some feeling of this kind has had something to do with the practice. But—putting aside all other and higher considerations—is it not obvious that the expenses of a holiday should be defrayed from the surplus that remains after the ordinary expenses of living are paid—as would be the case if the artisan, receiving his wages and making his weekly purchases on Wednesday, retained something for a spree on Saturday night or an excursion trip on Sunday—not deducted beforehand from the week's income, as now happens? Is there any tenable reason why wages should be paid on Saturday (or even late on Friday night, which is found to amount nearly to the same thing) and not on Wednesday or Thursday? For if not, certainly it is absurd that mere use and custom should maintain a rule so prejudicial to the real interests of all parties concerned. The workman is tempted to waste his money

in drink, and his day of rest at the public-house. His wife is compelled to waste her portion in hurried and uneconomical marketing. She and her children suffer thereby; and her husband is none the better for his Saturday carouse, and inevitably the worse for the Sunday's debauch that too often follows. On the Monday he is listless and slovenly at his work; by which, as well as by the deterioration which bad habits cause in his character and his skill, his employer also is a loser. It may be said, and I am afraid it is in some cases true, that if wages were paid on Thursday, men would be drunk that night, and absent or late on Friday morning. In some trades the workmen have, from incidental circumstances, so completely the upper hand that this would very probably be the case: and in these trades Monday is often wasted in intoxication or idleness. The men know that the masters cannot replace them, and will not dismiss them, and they take advantage of this knowledge. But this is only the case in trades exceptionally situated; and in all others the evils complained of would be greatly lessened, if not absolutely removed, by a mere change of the pay-day. There would not then be before the artisan, with his week's wages in his pocket, the strong temptation of a *dies non* wherein to enjoy himself at leisure in the tap-room; or to rest from the fatigues of a midnight carouse that very night. The necessity of resuming work at an early hour next morning would restrain him from changing his regular time of indulgence from Saturday to the pay-day; and if he still continued to drink on Saturday night, he would not do so on a newly-filled pocket.

The experiment was tried some years ago by a clear-headed Scotch employer, who gave me the following account of its results:—

"When I was in business in Glasgow I employed about a hundred persons, men and women. I used, as was the practice, to pay them on Saturdays. Saturday is rather a 'light' day in Glasgow, so the men had plenty of

"opportunity to get drunk that night ; a practice which they often followed up "by remaining drunk all Sunday, in "which case, of course, their work was "not good for much on Monday morning, "especially as they got drunk on whisky, "which is much worse than getting "drunk on ale. It occurred to me one "day to try whether I could not mend "the matter by altering the pay-days. I "called the men and women together, "and told them my ideas about it. The "women heartily agreed with me ; the "men seemed nothing loth ; and the "change was made. They were paid "thenceforward on Thursday, instead of "Saturday. From that time their habits "improved, their homes became more "comfortable, their visits to the public-house less frequent. The women, no "longer obliged to do their marketing "in a hurry on Saturday evening, had "the pick and choice of articles, instead "of being forced, as formerly, to take "anything they could get. Before long "I had the gratification of hearing from "many quarters that my people were "the most sober, well-to-do, and well-conducted artisans in the trade to be "found in Glasgow."

It is not from indifference to the welfare of their workpeople, or from carelessness of their own interest, that employers generally continue a practice so deleterious to both. Many great firms in London have changed the day of payment with excellent effect ; some have tried to do so and failed, or been compelled to return to the old practice ; numbers would be glad to make the alteration if they were convinced of its importance and its feasibility. But, in the first place, men do not readily recognise the evil effects of an immemorial custom ; they conceive them rather to be part of the natural and immutable order of things, than results of a definite and removable cause ; and employers are very generally unsuspicious that Saturday marketing, Sunday trading, and weekly debauches, result from any other influence than the natural improvidence and weakness of the artisan

class : faults which they may regret but cannot cure. They say, and very justly, that it is not given them to keep their "hands" provident and sober ; but they would fully recognise the duty of offering no temptation to excess, and no inducement to waste ; and anything that will awaken them to a sense of the mischiefs of the present custom, will render them as a class desirous to amend it. On their part the "evil is wrought by want of thought." But change, where the working-classes are concerned, is not always an easy matter. In their own affairs, in regard to the time-honoured customs of their order and occupations, the masses share the sturdy Toryism of Lord Eldon ; and it is not absolutely certain that if such a boon as Thursday payment of wages were offered them, they would not regard it as some deep-laid plot for their enslavement. But the time may come when they will understand their own interest well enough to ask it for themselves ; and the simple change, costing no trouble, and exciting no clamour, will do more for their improvement than many schemes of much more ambitious seeming. It would prevent the crowding of the week's marketing into its last five or six hours, and of the week's meals into the Sunday dinner. It would facilitate, in no slight degree, what is a blessing of no small value to the labourer—the *Saturday half-holiday*, now generally enjoyed in the manufacturing districts of the north of England. Above all, it would cure the evil that now does so much to demoralize the population of our cities, and to thwart all efforts to counteract the prevalence of that drunkenness which more than any other cause keeps them poor and discontented ; for it would put an end to the practice of filling the artisan's pocket with money at the very hour when the tavern doors stand most invitingly open, and no thought of tomorrow's work exercises a wholesome restraint over the temptation to immediate excesses.

TWO LOVE STORIES.

I.

LAURA LESLIE has a lover ;
 She is lovely, loving he ;
 The summer birds that sing above her
 Scarcely are so blithe as she.

Happy days ! when she awakens,
 Flowers from him are by her bed ;
 Every lonely hour she reckons
 Brings a gift in Harry's stead.

Every sunset, through the flowers,
 Laura and her lover stray,
 Heedless of the fleeting hours,
 Heedless of the waning day.

Laura's parents watch, admiring
 Love so tender, so complete ;
 While a little orphan hireling
 Plies her needle at their feet.

What should now delay the marriage ?
 Every comfort they prepare ;
 House and gardens, horses, carriage,
 Fall to Laura Leslie's share.

Soon, upon a summer morning,
 Mary stands by Laura's side,
 Little orphan hands adorning
 Harry's young and happy bride.

II.

Orphan Mary has a lover ;
 Miles away from her is he ;
 The wintry clouds that hang above her
 Scarcely are so sad as she.

Every morning when she wakens,
 Prays she for her absent John ;
 On a knotted stick she reckons
 Every lonely day that's gone.

Twice a year he leaves his labour,
 Walks across the country wide,
 And waits for Mary in an arbour,
 By the Leslies' garden-side.

First, when she had seen him weary,
 Worn and wasted by the heat,
 Simple-hearted orphan Mary
 Ask'd him in to take a seat.

Twenty little minutes, stolen
 From her working, fled away ;
 Then she rose, with eyelids swollen :
 Laura rang ; she must not stay.

Mary gave one kiss at parting,
 Turn'd, and lo, across the hall,
 Angry looks at her were darting ;
 Angry eyes had seen it all.

Laura's parents watch'd, regretting
 Time so shamefully misspent ;
 What example she was setting
 To the whole establishment !

Mary blushed and stood convicted ;
 Often had she heard it said
 Followers were interdicted ;
 Wherefore had she disobey'd ?

What though John was true and loving ?
 What though he was all to her ?
 In the sphere where she was moving
 He was but "a follower."

Twice a-year, now, orphan Mary
 Waits till every servant sleeps ;
 Then, with footsteps slow and wary,
 To the lonely arbour creeps.

There, or nowhere, she must meet him ;
 Ere the morning, he must go ;
 There, unseen, her kiss may greet him ;
 There, unchild, her tears may flow.

Thus, an angry witness dreading,
 Mary thinks her love her shame :
 Should it never end in wedding,
 Who shall bear the bitter blame ?

THE CARDROSS CASE AND THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

PUBLIC attention has been widely called to a late judgment of the Master of the Rolls on certain questions affecting the Baptist Churches in England. During some months Scotland has been the field of a contest in some respects similar, but exciting much more interest. There have been published pamphlets, sermons, reviews of sermons, speeches, letters, and other forms of popular address; and, with about a score of these selected as materials, together with the pleadings and the authentic report of the Cause, it is proposed here to attempt a brief exposition of the questions and principles involved.

The interest in ecclesio-political questions in Scotland is both deeper and wider than in England. Two causes of this difference may be noticed: first, the broad basis of the Scottish reformation, and the extent to which the common people took part in it; and, secondly, the mental habits of the Scotch. The struggles for freedom in Scotland have been chiefly in connexion with ecclesiastical institutions; and the republican form of these favoured the individual political education of the members, and, in the absence of free Parliamentary debate, afforded an open arena for the discussion of questions of national or local interest. Indeed, the republican spirit, in connexion with existing political confusions and threatened political dissolution, had at one time (if we may trust Sir Walter Scott's judgment on such a matter of history) all but subjugated the civil constitution of Scotland, and moulded it into corresponding forms. Connect with this the speculative and logical mental habits,—the tendency to carry out a principle or idea to its remotest conclusions, unwillingly admitting the control of practical regulative influences,—add the sacred and patriotic memories and associations which have gathered round those ideas or institutions; and some explanation is afforded of the strong hold which

questions of this nature have taken of the popular mind in Scotland.

About twenty years ago a conflict was begun in the Church of Scotland, ending in 1843 in a crisis which has been since generally known as "the Disruption"—the name with which it was baptized by Chalmers, who wholly identified himself with those forming, from that time forward, the Free Church of Scotland.

Now, till the event disclosed something obvious to the most careless onlooker—the spontaneous withdrawal of nearly 500 ministers, and large bodies of the people, from a national establishment, of which they formed, probably, in number fully one-third part, in value considerably more—it is perhaps not far from the truth to say, that what was convulsing Scotland from the Solway to the Pentland Firth was generally regarded in England rather with a sort of puzzled wonder than with any intelligent sympathy or appreciation. The question at issue seemed too abstract and metaphysical to take any hold of the general mind; and for every ten persons who looked with interest, whether in admiration of the sacrifice, or in censure of its rashness, on the visible results, probably scarcely one had a distinct conception of the processes of thought, out of which these results came.

The conflict between the Courts of Law and the Church Courts arose out of an attempt made by the Church—in all good faith, and with general consent—to limit the rights of the patronage of parochial churches, by allowing a conclusive negative voice to the congregation; but the final ground of separation was the refusal of the Church to submit to judgments of the Courts of Law reversing sentences of Suspension and Deposition, and otherwise directly interfering with ecclesiastical censures. The claim of the Church was one to absolute independence of all external control in matters of government and

discipline; practically, that at least no interference should be allowed to prevent the adoption of whatever measures were thought essential, or beneficial, and expedient. The theoretical view was in many quarters strongly presented, and gave birth to the idea which fired the people. But many felt a difficulty in adopting this view, at least without reserve, inasmuch as it appeared hardly to consist with the history of the Church. Such unqualified rights seemed, indeed, to have been claimed, but never conceded or possessed. The practical view, especially as it modified the exercise of patronage which had been much complained of, was highly popular.

Yet these questions were so closely intertwined with the very foundations and fabric of the Church, regarded as an institution fenced with special laws, and resting on historical traditions, that without some knowledge of these the nature and urgency of that crisis can hardly be understood. They cannot be here dwelt on, but the subject must not be touched without some acknowledgment of the energy, devotion, powers of organization, and practical efficiency which have made the Free Church eminent even in a country where these qualities unusually abound. The old traditions have proved themselves an invaluable inheritance; and it may have hardly lived long enough under the new conditions to have altogether tested its powers of independent existence, or to be entitled to claim a victory over the new dangers. It remains to be seen whether it will have patience and faith in the future, so as to resist the pressing temptation to choose rather an apparent present success, than strength, dignity, stability, and ultimate triumph. It has already shown an industry, earnestness, and ability which, if only regulated by a wise regard to the long life and late maturity of *institutions*, can hardly fail to confer blessings on Scotland.

The present question is only in part the same as that which was involved in the former struggles. *Then* the Church and its opponents equally pleaded the statutes of the Legislature, by which it

was at once protected and limited. In the present case there are no statutes to be appealed to, unless as fixing or interpreting the usages of the Church; and there is little difficulty in making the question intelligible even to readers who may not be well versed in this region of Scottish history. For the sake of such readers it may be well, in one or two sentences, to describe the organization of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, as this is seen in that Church to which these remarks specially relate.

The congregational court known as the "Kirk Session," is composed of the minister and the elders, both elected by the members of the congregation. The elders may be assumed generally to range in number from five to twenty; are, with few exceptions, married men, or "heads of families;" are always, it may be said, of good character, varying in pecuniary circumstances and social status with the nature of the congregation. Its jurisdiction extends over the members of the congregation; and by its authority children are baptized, or adults admitted to the communion; and it has power "to suspend from the Lord's Table a person not yet cast out of the Church." Of old it wielded the terrors of the "cutty stool." The minister is the chairman, or "moderator" (the preserver of order), a word which is applied to the president of each of the Church Courts.

The next court in order of rank is the Presbytery, consisting of the ministers of a group of neighbouring congregations, and one elder from each of them. Besides an appellate jurisdiction as regards the Kirk Sessions, its authority extends over the ministers as well as the members of the congregations within its bounds. Its meetings are usually monthly. There are seventy-one Presbyteries of the Free Church in Scotland.

Next comes the Synod, or provincial assembly, composed of the members of several adjoining Presbyteries. Its jurisdiction is not original, but appellate, or on reference only, from the judgment or on the application of one of these Presbyteries. There are seventeen Synods.

Lastly, the General Assembly consists of ministers and elders holding commissions (hence called commissioners) as representatives from the Presbyteries in a fixed proportion, according to the number of ministers they contain respectively. There are about four hundred members (the number of congregations in the Free Church being about eight hundred), half of them ministers, and half of them elders. It meets once a year in Edinburgh, in the month of May, holding its sittings during ten or twelve days. Its authority is legislative, judicial, and executive, and extends over the whole area of the Church, and over all the inferior courts.

In the General Assembly of the Established Church there have been, from very early times, members appointed not by any ecclesiastical court, but by the Royal Burghs; and a Commissioner (always in practice a peer of Scotland) appointed by the Queen, is enthroned as her representative, but takes no active part in the proceedings.

In the Free Church Assembly there is no representative of any of the Burghs, nor, of course, of the Queen. Another difference may be noticed here:—that persons accused are not permitted to appear by their counsel in any of its courts. This is a departure (whether wisely adopted or not) from the settled practice of the Established Church. With these remarks, by way of introduction, the facts of the present case may be now narrated.

The Minister of Cardross, having been from the time of the Disruption a minister of the Free Church, was in February, 1858, served with a libel (or indictment) by the Presbytery of Dumbarton, to which he was subject. It contained three counts. The two first related to alleged instances of intoxication; the third accused him of an immodest assault. The Presbytery found the first count not proven; the second substantially proven (but with the exception of one of the alleged facts—indistinctness of speech); the third proven, but with exceptions which essentially altered its nature, so that the conviction under it

was only of rude and violent behaviour. Against this judgment, so far as unfavourable to himself, the accused protested and appealed to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. There was no complaint (which would have been quite in order) by any members of the Presbytery, who might deem the sentence *too favourable*. The judgment of the Synod was in these terms: "The Synod did and hereby do sustain the protest and appeal, discharge the first count of the libel, and find the second and third counts thereof not proven."

The Presbytery appealed against this judgment, so far as it was adverse to their own sentence, and several members of the Synod also dissented and complained to the General Assembly; whose decision was: "That on the first count of the minor proposition of the libel" (the indictment being syllogistic in form) "the Assembly allow the judgment of the Synod to stand; on the second count of the minor proposition of the libel, sustain the dissent and complaint and appeal, reverse the judgment of the Synod, and affirm the judgment of the Presbytery, finding the charge in the said count proven; and on the third count of the minor proposition of the libel, sustain the dissent and complaint, reverse the judgment of the Synod, and find the whole of the charge in said count, as framed originally in the libel, proven." Thereafter the Assembly, on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Candlish, resolved that the Minister of Cardross should be suspended from his office *sine die*, and be loosed from his charge; which sentence was accordingly pronounced, with the further declaration, that he "cannot be restored to the office of the ministry, except by the General Assembly."

By the next step the first point of contact with the jurisdiction of the civil courts is reached. The Minister of Cardross, in order to prevent the sentence against him being carried into effect, applied to the Court of Session¹

¹ The Court of Session is the supreme civil court in Scotland, having as well an equitable as a legal jurisdiction. It consists of thirteen

for suspension of the sentence and interdict against the General Assembly, on the ground that the judgment of the Presbytery, so far as not appealed against, was final, and that the Assembly had no power to revive against him a charge thus conclusively negatived. The application was refused by the Lord Ordinary, as incompetent. The General Assembly, still in session, learning that such an application had been made, and finding that it purported to be an application to the Civil Court to suspend their sentence, resolved to summon the (quondam) Minister of Cardross to appear at their bar "to answer for his conduct thereant." The citation was accordingly served on him, on the 28th of May (about twelve o'clock at night), to appear before the Assembly on the 1st of June. The following is his statement of what there took place, and its substantial accuracy seems admitted. "On the said 1st of June the pursuer 'accordingly appeared before the said 'General Assembly of the Free Church, 'and he was there called upon by the 'moderator to state whether or not he 'had authorized the application referred 'to to the Civil Court. In consequence 'of and in compliance with this call, 'the pursuer was beginning to read the 'explanation and protest, a copy of 'which is produced, when he was interrupted by the defender, Dr. Candlish, who moved that he should not be 'allowed to give any explanation whatever, but that his answers should be 'restricted to a categorical 'yea' or 'nay'; and, though the pursuer claimed 'and insisted on his right to be heard, 'he was, in consequence of the motion 'of the defender, Dr. Candlish, which 'was carried, peremptorily commanded 'by the moderator to restrict his an-

swers; of whom four form the first, and four the second division, or "Inner House," as each of these is called; the other five sitting as single judges, or "Lords Ordinary," and deciding causes in the first instance after having superintended them until ripe for final judgment. Their decision is subject to review by one or other division of the Court. The judges in rotation dispose of urgent and summary applications in chambers.

"swer to 'yea' or 'nay,' as no explanation, or anything but a bare affirmative "or negative answer, would be taken or "heard from him." Having answered in the affirmative he was then ordered to leave the bar, and retired from the Assembly. Whereupon, in his absence, the Assembly, on the motion of Dr. Candlish, seconded by Dr. Bannerman, resolved, that in respect of the reply so given he should "be deposed from the "office of the holy ministry; and this "was accordingly done. This is the "sentence, deposition, or proceeding "complained of, and such are the circumstances in which it was passed or "agreed to." "The pursuer" (it is added) "has also, in consequence of the "said deposition, been removed from his "office of clerk to the Free Synod of "Glasgow and Ayr."

The Minister of the Free Church of Cardross had thus been first suspended, and afterwards deposed from his office by sentences of the General Assembly. In the hope of setting these aside, or at least of getting pecuniary compensation, he instituted two actions (or suits) in the Court of Session. The first of these was directed against the General Assembly and its representative officers; and called for the production, with a view to its being declared illegal, of the sentence of suspension. The second action was directed against the same persons; and also against certain individual defenders—namely, the moderator who pronounced it, and the Ministers who moved and seconded the resolution which led to its being pronounced. His statement is, that having been one of the ministers of the Church of Scotland at the time of the Disruption, he soon afterwards became Minister of the Free Church of Cardross, and was appointed clerk to the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr in 1848; and that his emoluments, including the value of a manse (or parsonage-house), amounted to about 214*l.* per annum. "And in consequence of the decision, sentence, deposition or proceedings complained of, "the pursuer has been deprived, in his "old age, and after a ministry without

"reproach of above thirty years' duration, of his only means of obtaining a livelihood, and he has been otherwise greatly injured in his character, credit, feelings, and prospects." This action aimed at the reduction of the sentence of deposition; and in both actions damages were also claimed for the alleged injuries suffered or anticipated.

For the pursuer, it was pleaded, that the sentences of the Assembly were illegal and invalid; inasmuch as, (1) The sentence of suspension proceeded on charges which were not lawfully under the cognisance of the Assembly, no appeal or complaint having been brought against the sentence of acquittal by the Presbytery, which still in fact stood unreversed. (2) Under the proceedings relating to the deposition, no libel was served on the accused, which the laws and practice of the Church required. (3) No evidence was adduced to prove the criminal acts, while on the other hand there had been no admission of guilt; and (4) No opportunity was allowed to the accused of being heard in defence.

It was pleaded for the Church—"The action is incompetent, and cannot and ought not to be entertained in this Court, because, (1st) The sentence complained of having been pronounced in a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, "by a judicatory of the Free Church of Scotland, an association of Christians tolerated and protected by law, any review of or complaint against that sentence in the civil courts is excluded: "and (2d) the pursuer, as a minister of the Free Church, contracted and bound himself to submit to the discipline and government of that Church. "(3d) It is not a relevant ground for calling for production and reduction of the writs in question, that the defenders have deviated from the ordinary forms of process in observance in the Free Church, the same being a matter exclusively within the cognisance and regulation of the Free Church and its judicatories." And in the written argument for the defendants, the Free Church, it is pleaded, that

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"while the Free Church cannot prevent persons betaking themselves to the civil courts, they can say, and have said, that, as a Church of Christ, tolerated by law, they have an independent jurisdiction in spiritual matters, "and that, if a member does not choose to abide by their sentences, he cannot remain in their body. That is their fundamental principle." And again: "But there is another plea not less important than these. It is, whether the subject matter of these actions is such as the civil courts can regard; or whether, in any circumstances, they will undertake to reverse the merely spiritual sentences of a voluntary Church. The jurisdiction of the Court of Session must be exercised consistently with the toleration which all religious societies enjoy. The government, discipline, and worship, distinctive of such religious societies, are essential to them as such, and are therefore as much sanctioned by the law as the societies themselves." And Whately, Locke, and Lord Mansfield are quoted in support of this general view.

The position of the Free Church is stated in the pleadings to be strongly fortified by the terms of certain documents connected with the "Disruption"—especially the Formula, subscribed by all Free Church ministers as a condition of licence and of ordination, in which the general principles asserted by the Free Church are professed, and an express promise is made "to submit to the said discipline, government, and exclusive jurisdiction of this Church, and not endeavour directly or indirectly the prejudice or subversion of the same."

On the special questions thus raised there has not yet been any judgment. But there has been a preliminary discussion regarding the power of the Court to interfere, which took the technical form of an argument as to the liability of the defendants to "satisfy the production"—that is, to produce judicially before the Court the sentences complained of; and on this point only has a judgment been pronounced. There

is some advantage in thus calling attention to the case in its present immature condition. The question now under consideration is, *not*, whether the Minister of Cardross was or was not guilty of the offences charged against him; *nor*, whether, after the materials for final judgment have been afforded, the Court will find reason to conclude that the proceedings of the Assembly have been, or have not been, in conformity with its laws and constitution—a question on which any expression of opinion would be premature. It is a still wider and more important inquiry to which attention is here called; namely, whether, a civil interest being involved, or apparently involved, in the proceedings of a voluntary Church, taken with an immediate view to internal order and discipline, the Courts of Law will, on the suit of one of the members, deeming himself wronged, inquire into the laws and constitution of the Church, in order to determine whether these afford probable grounds for such proceedings, and, in the event of its being made to appear in the contrary, in order to give such redress as may, in the circumstances, be just and practicable.

The judgment of the Lord Ordinary in favour of the defendants “sustaining the preliminary defences, and dismissing the actions as incompetent,” having been brought under the review of the First Division of the Court, was unanimously reversed, and it was decided that the defendants must produce, for the consideration and judgment of the Court, the sentences of suspension and deposition, to which the actions related, together with the warrants on which the sentences were grounded. The opinions of the judges are elaborate and concurrent; but it would be out of place here to do more than indicate the general principles on which they all profess to be rested. These are—that in a voluntary Church, or any other voluntary society, there is no *jurisdiction*, properly so called, and that any authority exercised over the members depends, for its justification, on their own consent; that the laws of the society (unless invalid

because inconsistent with public policy) are to be held conclusive as between the members and office-bearers, but that any proceedings not authorized by these laws will not be protected from question by the mere fact that they are the proceedings of such a Church or of its office-bearers, and relate directly to internal discipline; and that the Church or its office-bearers, or individual members, may become liable in reparation to any member who has suffered in consequence of such proceedings.¹

This judgment of the Court, waited for with anxiety, was received by a large part of the Free Church, and by some members of other non-conforming Churches, with indignation, or dismay; and a meeting of the members of the General Assembly of the Free Church (termed a meeting of its “Commission”) was held, on the 18th of January, to consider the course to be taken. Many members, it is understood, came to that meeting prepared to recommend extreme measures; but the counsels of the less impetuous and more influential lay members prevailed in the meeting, and the recommendations embodied in the Report of a Committee of the Assembly were adopted. It was accordingly resolved that the sentences of suspension and deposition should be judicially produced. The speeches made at an adjourned meeting, to which the public were admitted (the meeting for consultation having been private) have been published, as revised by the speakers; but, being all on one side, neither give expression to the differences of temper and sentiment already noticed, nor show the real difficulties of the question.

In the case of the Norwich Baptists, already referred to, public attention was called in the *Times* to “the calm and peaceable resort of the disputants to a Court of Law, the quiet and natural action of the Court in a case so apparently strange, as features forcibly illustrative of English feeling and

¹ December 23, 1859. See “Cases in the Court of Session &c. vol. xxii. pp. 290 to 328.

"habits." It may be a question if these remarks could be applied with truth to the Cardross case; and, indeed, the manner in which the judgment of the Court was received by those whom it chiefly concerned, suggests a doubt whether the judges of Scotland have yet universally earned the reputation for calm, dignified, impartial bearing in the administration of the laws, which has long so honourably distinguished the judges of England, and won for their office the public confidence. And it may be remarked, that a reader of the opinions by which the judgment in the Cardross case was prefaced, will hardly find in them any expressions tending to show that the judges were much impressed with the extreme delicacy of treatment requisite for such questions, and the respect due to a region of thought and feeling which, although too high and ethereal to come within the proper sphere of their jurisdiction, can never be safely ignored or treated with levity. At the same time, some of the quotations already made from the arguments for the Free Church, rather seem to indicate that these sacred elements had been from that quarter imported into a question, towards the solution of which they can probably bring no contribution. They are not within the province of Courts of Law, and can only be validly pleaded there on the hypothesis that the judges are to determine what is the true idea of a Christian Church, and what institutions, claiming authority in that character, are to have their authority recognised and their judgments executed by the Courts of Law.

Perhaps in no way could the liberties of the Churches in this country be more effectually undermined and destroyed than by the establishment of such a principle; for, since there are certainly no existing laws defining what, for such purposes, a Christian Church is, the decision would in each case be determined by the mere theological tenets of the particular judges; with results too disastrous to be needlessly depicted or imagined. For the danger is not imminent; the Courts of Law will give no countenance to

such a proposition. Nor does the allied position seem capable of being easily maintained—that such sentences as those under question in this case are so purely spiritual and within the domain of the conscience as not to contain any elements for the adjudication of civil courts. It would rather appear that a Church, in becoming an organized society or institution, necessarily comes under the conditions common to all such social organisms. It may also contemplate higher aims, and possess other special qualities; but at least it must possess those which are general or universal; and, however spiritual such sentences may be deemed, they have certain civil effects, or ought to have such effects—which can only be made to follow them, in case of any refusal to submit, by the intervention of the Courts of Justice.

It must be added that, in the argument for the Free Church, the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law has been admitted to extend over all the *property*, of whatever nature, which the Church may be possessed of; and that the refusal to give effect to the sentences of the Church, *in so far as they relate to its disposal*, is not resented as an invasion of the region claimed as sacred. It needs little reflection, however, to satisfy any mind familiar with inquiries of this nature, that the distinction here assumed, though plausible, is inadequate. Legislative enactments, and the daily experience of Courts of Law, equally attest, that restrictions are enforced, rights protected, and wrongs redressed, affecting character, feeling, liberty, as falling within the domain of civil government, which the assumed distinction would exclude; and in the later arguments for the Church larger concessions have been made.

If, then, there is to be inquiry by the Courts of Law, what are its limits? It is admitted, that the only questions to be put are—(1) Is there anything in the proceeding immoral, or otherwise contrary to public law? And (2) Is it, apparently, in accordance with the constitution of the Church? The autonomy

of the Churches is entirely admitted, or, rather assumed. Subject to the provisions of public law, Churches may organize themselves with perfect freedom, and the Courts of Justice will recognise and give civil effect to their sentences. Here is the conclusive answer to the cry of persecution, raised in some quarters with reference to the possible decision in the present case. And, it is to be remarked, that, to call in question and refuse civil effect to a sentence passed in disregard or defiance of the constitution and laws of the Church in whose name it is uttered, may not be to invade the liberties of the Church, but to protect these from the incursions of a temporary majority of its members or office-bearers. For, if a Church be an organism, it must act through its laws and constitution, which express and regulate its life; and what is done in contradiction of these is the act only of certain individuals, not the act of the Church. And, without ascribing to Courts of Law any peculiar exemption from human error, it will probably be admitted that, on the whole, at least in England, the rare and never unsolicited interference, exercised by them in such cases, has been just and beneficial. Never unsolicited—and this limitation is of the utmost importance—for it is, only when the refusal to submit to such an ecclesiastical sentence proves that the question is no longer, in a strict sense, within the forum, or court of conscience, that the interference is possible. And when, in such circumstances, the plea of conscience is urged by the Church, as excluding the jurisdiction of the Courts of Law, what is really (although, perhaps, not consciously) contended for is, the right of the Church, or of a majority, to compel the submission of a member to a sentence which his own conscience does not itself acknowledge and make effectual. This is plainly not a mere question of conscience; and on the rebellious members sentences cannot become operative without the intervention of the Courts of Law. A power to execute their own sentences would be inconsistent with the well-being of the

Churches themselves, depriving them of their most peculiar characteristic; and the evils would be scarcely less were the Courts of Justice, without inquiry, to carry them into execution.

The alarm with which, in some quarters, the judgment of the Court has been regarded, can hardly be understood without noticing its relation to a peculiar dogma (or, perhaps, rather a peculiar mode of expression), giving an exaggerated importance to this case. It is a special form of the general idea of the independence or autonomy of the Church as a Divine Institution. It is the subject of many recent sermons and speeches; and of a large part of a "Catechism on the principles and constitution of the Free Church," published under the sanction of the General Assembly (although of questionable authority), in which the following questions and answers on the subject occur (pp. 9, 10). "Q. 10. Who is the Head of the visible Church? A. The Lord Jesus Christ. Q. 16. "What is your meaning when you say that Christ is the Head of the visible Church? A. I mean that it is the kingdom of which He is the only Lord and Lawgiver; of the institutions of which He is the sole author; and the peculiar privileges, immunities, and benefits enjoyed by which proceed from, and are conferred by Him alone. Q. 17. What do you mean when you say that Christ is the Head of every particular Church, or branch of the visible Church? A. The meaning is, that what He is to the whole, He is, and must be, to every part; since it would be subversive of the relation in which He stands to the universal body as its Head, to suppose Him not to stand in the very same relation to the several communities of which the Catholic Church is made up."

As an example of the practical application of this doctrine or phraseology, a few sentences may be quoted from a Sermon by Dr. Candlish, as in some sort one of the most representative of the Sermons recently preached on this topic; its author being one of the most eminent

and influential orators and preachers in the Church to which he belongs.¹

"I cannot consent to the Church visible
"being dealt with as if it were less truly
"the body of Christ than the Church
"invisible. To me the Church visible;
"the Church of which I am a member;
"is most practically and immediately,
"the body of Christ;—more so, I would
"say, in an important sense, than even
"the Church invisible;—more so, at all
"events, when a testing crisis comes.

"With the Church invisible, the true
"spiritual body of Christ, Cæsar cannot
"interfere. The sentences passed with
"reference to it, he cannot review.
"With perfect ease and safety therefore,
"I can maintain the independence of
"the Church invisible. And affecting
"a high and transcendental spirituality,
"which looks on questions of outward
"rule and order, touching the relations
"of Church and State, as beneath its
"notice, I may suffer Cæsar to have his
"own way in all the actual ongoing of
"the outstanding Christian community
"on earth;—while in a region far
"apart and far above, I place the un-
"seen crown of a practically inoperative
"spiritual headship, upon the brows of
"an unseen Lord, allowed to reign over
"an unseen realm.

"But it is not so with me; it cannot
"be, if I rightly apprehend the nature
"of the kingdom which Christ meant
"to found, and has founded, in the
"world. It is not indeed absolutely
"identical with the kingdom as it is to
"exist in the heavenly state. It has in
"it worldly elements; it is liable to
"worldly mischances and mistakes. But
"it is Christ's ordinance nevertheless;
"it is Christ's body. It is to be treated
"as his body. And I am no more to
"suffer the interference of Cæsar in its
"concerns, than I would do, if it were

"the new Jerusalem itself come down
"out of heaven, prepared as a bride
"adorned for her husband!"

From these quotations it is apparent that High-Church doctrine is not altogether unknown to present Scotch Presbyterianism. But it is difficult out of such discourse on a subject like this to extract any definite thought, which might aid in the decision of the question, whether there truly lies hid under this language (in so far as it differs from other assertions of ecclesiastical authority) any specific doctrine; or whether, on the other hand, it is only a traditional mode of expression extended beyond its original sense, and encrusted with sacred associations. The fact that there is a tenacious adherence to the old phraseology, and an unwillingness, or inability, to translate it into more modern forms, rather supports the latter view, which might be confirmed by a reference to the venerable authoritative standards of the Church of Scotland—from the first of these (or John Knox's) Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, ratified by the Parliament in 1560, to the latest of them, the Westminster Confession, sanctioned by the General Assembly in 1647.

The extreme views put forth in most of the sermons, preached on the occasion referred to, that have been published, have not been uncontradicted. In a sermon entitled "The Church and its Living Head," by the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D.,² preached on the same occasion, these passages occur:—

"The controversy between us and that
"Establishment from which we have re-

¹ "Church and State." A Sermon on the Principles of the Free Church of Scotland. By R. S. Candlish, D.D., preached in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, on Sabbath, Nov. 13 (1859), the day appointed by the Assembly for advocating the principles of the Free Church of Scotland, and making a collection on behalf of the Ante-Disruption Ministers.

² Dr. Hanna is already known to the public as the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers. Another interesting volume has been published recently, consisting of two courses of lectures, which he delivered to the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh; the first on "Wicliffe and his Times," and the second on "The Huguenots." They show careful study, are written in an earnest, truthful, candid spirit, and will incline those who may have perused them to regard with more respect the sentiments of the author on the subject at present under consideration.

"tired, does not touch the doctrine of Christ's Headship as taught in Holy Writ, so as to give any true ground for saying that we uphold, and that the Established Church denies, that Headship. The whole question at issue between us has respect alone to the functions and government of the Church, regarded as an external organized society. But it is not of any incorporated society of professing Christians, however pure its membership, however exactly its institutions, laws, and government, may correspond with those set up by our Lord and his Apostles, that Christ is said in Scripture to be the Head. The Church, which is his body, is composed alone of those who, by true faith, are in vital union with Him through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. All the descriptions given of that Church, all the attributes and prerogatives assigned to it, all the promises held out and made good to it, are such as can belong alone to the body of true believers, the company of faithful men in Christ Jesus our Lord. They do not and they cannot apply to any organized society whatever, viewed as such. There has been no greater perversion of Holy Writ, none more widely and fatally misleading, than that by which those descriptions, attributes, powers, prerogatives, promises, which belong alone to the spiritual brotherhood of true believers, have been transferred and attached to an external institute calling itself the Church."

"The attempt has been made to throw a peculiar and additional sanctity around that testimony, by erecting it into a separate religious dogma or doctrine—that, namely, of the Headship of Christ over the visible Church. That attempt I have endeavoured to expose, by showing that no such separate dogma is taught in Holy Writ; that so far as it is taught there, it resolves itself into the general truth of the supremacy of Christ's revealed will, and that, as thus taught, our opponents cannot fairly be charged with

"repudiating it. For other and wider purposes, I have endeavoured to unfold to you the true idea of the Church, by teaching you to distinguish carefully between that Church of the first-born, of whose birth and life, dignities and destiny, such glorious things have been spoken, and any outward and organized community of professing Christians. Keep this distinction steadily in view, and the spell of that arrogant assumption will be broken by which the Church of Rome claims for herself all the powers and prerogatives of the unseen Church of God. Keep this distinction steadily in view, and, under cover of an unconscious confusion of the two different meanings of the term Church, you will discover some stern substantial embodiments, and some thin ghosts of the Popish theory stalking in regions remote enough from Rome."

Some of the other recent pamphlets show this sermon to have met with a reception from a large and influential part of the Free Church, revealing a danger to its liberties which may be greatly more serious, although more insidious, than any which can be anticipated from the Courts of Justice. The free expression of conviction is plainly essential to its life; and all attempts by means of misrepresentation, calumny, public accusations of heresy or treachery, or by other similar too familiar weapons, to resent or preclude the utterance of those differences, which in every truly Free Church must exist, ought to be regarded as acts of hostility to its liberties, and disavowed and reprobated by all its real friends. One or two of these publications might, indeed, justly fall under this censure, but they had best be forgotten, and will not be here named. From another out of this bundle a few sentences may be quoted, as written in a different spirit.¹

"It will surprise no careful observer to find that, while the simply practical Free Churchmen have been for years quiet and silent, the other party in the

¹ "The Recent Sermons on the Headship Reviewed," by the Rev. Walter Smith, Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh.

"church, who held the doctrine of the 'Headship of Christ'—or rather, who identified that doctrine with the position which they maintained—have been ceaselessly busy, disseminating their opinion within the church and without. The consequence is, that any modification of that opinion is apt to be regarded as a kind of treason against the Disruption, an attempt to whitewash the Establishment, and to make the sacrifice of the Free Church a sort of martyrdom by mistake. The extreme party have managed so to diffuse the leaven of their idea, that all freedom of opinion is well-nigh silenced; and thoughtful, living, earnest Free Churchmen are terrified into mere disruption formulas. Nothing could more emphatically illustrate this spirit than the way in which Dr. Hanna's sermon was greeted on its appearance, and is still very generally regarded."

Again, with reference to the sermons on the other side, there is this important testimony,—"I believe, indeed, that they only represent a portion of the Free Church community. The men of

"thought among us,—those who give the tone to opinion, and lead on the progress of the present into the future,—think, we are assured, far otherwise. The whole current of opinion in the higher circles of intelligence is to exalt the spiritual, and to make less and less of mere forms and machineries." P. 9.

The Cardross case has already given rise to valuable discussions of important principles; and may have also disclosed hidden internal dangers to the Church immediately concerned. The final decision of the Cause may probably be waited without great solicitude. The Church which Knox planted, having during three centuries survived all the storms and convulsions under which Scotland has suffered and attained the present maturity, and having been able to keep its hold against the assaults of a powerful neighbour, must, although weakened by divisions, be too deeply rooted in the affections of the nation to be likely to perish by any external violence.

A TALK ABOUT THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT WIMBLEDON.

BY J. C. TEMPLER, CAPTAIN COMMANDING 18TH MIDDLESEX.

Tom. You were at Wimbledon, at the great national rifle meeting. By all the accounts I have seen of it, it must have been a great success; but I should like to hear some of the details from an eyewitness; so tell me about it, for I was confined to my post here by work of all sorts.

Jack. Well, in a desultory sort of way, I will; but, remember, I was not present the whole time, as my avocations called me back to London nearly every day. You shall have, and welcome, what passed under my own observation; and I will also give you some thoughts that have occurred to me since.

T. Do so.

J. The first thing that struck one was

the complete mixture of classes;—it forced itself on your notice immediately, and although in the formation of our company I had been somewhat accustomed to it, it did not come so home as when I saw it on a large scale, and amongst strangers. There were men holding the highest social positions mixing as equals, with others not so fortunately placed, and along the whole line of civil society. It came off something in this shape: the volunteers were formed into squads, each about sixteen strong, and the officer in charge took the names down on a paper, the surnames only, and then called them out as they came, without titles or additions of any kind, thus,—Bowling, Buckshorn, John-

son, Childers, Clasper, &c. The first might be a peer, the second a working man, the third a shopkeeper, the fourth a yeoman, the fifth a captain in the Guards, and so on. There they stood, shoulder to shoulder, intent on the same object, to test their skill in a generous rivalry; and the volunteer uniform showed no difference. You will see the *Times*, in giving the names, does the same. It was the old public school custom over again, and is a sure sign of healthy feeling. Men stood upon their merits alone, their personal merits in the use of the rifle. Besides, the intermixture of classes did more; it showed us to each other, and we found the mind of the gentleman was common to all. It was "Fair play and old England;" each man did his best, without striving after any small advantages; we stood upon honour with each other.

T. Do you mean that you all became acquainted at once with each other?

J. Quite so; and it was not long before there was great clanship amongst us—just like the old feeling of sides at football and cricket, and, in spite of our individual rivalry, we cheered a successful shot as reflecting credit on the squad,—"Well done, Johnson," "Well done, Buckshorn," when they got centres. And so high did this run, that, at the close of the day, we wished to challenge any other of the squads; and, had there been time, no doubt plenty of such matches would have come off. Talking of centres, I think General Hay should alter the nomenclature at Hythe. You are perhaps aware that bull's-eyes are confined to distances up to 300 yards only; after that, there are no bull's-eyes, properly so called, but the central part of the target is called the centre. I observed the north countrymen, Yorkshiremen, and Swiss, always spoke of it as the bull's-eye; and certainly this name conveys to the uninitiated a better idea, besides being more agreeable to the marksman. The division should be—up to 300 yards, bull's-eyes, centres, and outers; and, after that distance, bull's-eyes and outers.

T. There is not much in that, I think.

J. Perhaps not; but we may as well have it correct at first, and now is the time to rectify these little matters.

T. But now tell me about the shooting; for, after all, that's the main thing.

J. It was surprising, and, to a spectator who carried back his memory but one short year, must have seemed a marvel. Fancy the squad in which I was. Our third round at 500 yards, but two men missed the target, and one of them shot from the shoulder, having permission to do so, from some disability in the knee, which prevented his kneeling. All the others either got outers or bull's-eyes, as we will now call it. Why, a sheep could not have lived for a minute there, much less a horse or a man. The average merit of the squad for five rounds was 3.66; and you must remember this was the first year, with but little opportunity for selection. I came myself, not because I was the best shot of my company, but simply because, having had no opportunity of testing the capabilities of any one by reason of our butts not being erected, I thought, in case of failure, my shoulders were the broadest to bear the responsibility, and, besides, not having had the advantage of a course at Hythe, I was willing to run the risk of some little discredit against the certainty of the advantage of the practice; so, without having fired a round of ball cartridge, I trusted to the position drill and the mechanical truth of the rifle; and no doubt there were numbers of others, who, if not quite in so forlorn a position as my own, at the longer ranges could have had little or no practice.

T. Was there much question as to the rifles?

J. The contest, virtually, was confined to the long Enfields, the Whitworths, and the Westley Richards. The two former, as you know, are muzzle-loaders; the latter breech-loaders. As far as my own observation went, the long Enfield, up to 600 yards, was equal to either for precision—indeed I should have preferred mine. You will remember we shot with those that had been supplied us by the National Rifle Associa-

tion; and these were more carefully adjusted in their sights than those issued by Government to the corps. Besides, the pull of the trigger was reduced from some 8 or 9-lb., which is the ordinary pull of the Government Enfield, to about 4-lb.; indeed, every ninth or tenth rifle in our company will bear its own weight on the trigger without springing it. Now this should not be, and it is a pity that all the rifles issued by Government should not be adjusted to a 3-lb. or 4-lb. pull. It is a great disadvantage, drilling with one and shooting with another. Now no man can shoot with great accuracy with a 9-lb. pull at a trigger; the effort to get the piece off is sure to derange the aim. Nothing is more nice than the adjustment of the finger to the trigger; and, out of fifteen shots, a 4-lb. pull, as compared with a 9-lb. pull, is worth three points, if not more.

T. Did you like your own rifle? I mean the Enfield you shot with.

J. Exceedingly—so much so that I have applied to the Association to be allowed to purchase it for the Company. The decision rests with the War-office, and it would seem a pity to return it into store to remain unused for another twelvemonths. The government might put an enhanced price on it—say 9*l.* or 5*l.*; but it would be a great advantage to the first-class men, or, at least, the marksmen of the Company, to be able to practise with it constantly. I doubt if you could get a better weapon for its range—say of 600 yards. I know nothing of its virtues beyond that distance; but, if the War-office insist on these rifles being returned to them, we shall be in the same predicament next year—that is, practising with rifles with a heavy pull, and shooting for prizes with rifles with a light one.

T. Did you shoot at the long ranges?

J. Yes; I competed both for the Duke of Cambridge's and for the Duke of Wellington's prize, and only got on the target at 1000 yards with my ninth shot in the second contest. This was with a Westley Richards, which I had to sight for myself; and it was

greatly guess-work. I should have preferred a Whitworth; but they were all engaged by the volunteers who came to shoot for the Queen's prize, and therefore I had no opportunity of trying them. But, though not successful myself, I saw some good practice with the Westley Richards at these ranges. The rifle I used struck me as too light—not eight pounds in weight, I think—to carry such a flight with certainty; and it certainly kicked more than the Enfield, as my shoulder testified the next morning. The breech-loading principle is an advantage in loading; but it has the disadvantage of the cartridge greasing the fingers, and thus preventing the firm grip both of the left and right hands. This, unless carefully guarded against, by rubbing the fingers quite dry (which takes time) is much against a true shot. Indeed, the nicety of all the points required at these distances to make a successful shot is wonderful. It is eye, hand, nerve, and perhaps the "electricity" of the man that all comes into play; and the singular thing is, you can tell, as you pull the trigger, if you are right. I always felt certain, the moment I fired, whether I had hit or missed. It is an indescribable something that conveys it to you, of which the white or blue flag, some seconds after, is only the communication; and this I found was common to all. I saw Jacob Knecht of Zurich fire the last shot that won the Duke of Cambridge's prize: he was 8, Lieutenant Lacey was 9. Knecht pulled, and instantaneously exclaimed, "Ah, gute, gute, a bool's eye, a bool's eye," and made almost extravagant exhibitions of delight. I stood by, I confess, incredulous; but, some ten seconds afterwards, the blue flag showed at the butts. A bull's-eye it was; and, thus scoring two, Knecht made ten, and won the prize. It was an exciting moment. Lieutenant Lacey, standing by, was second, when he might well, a moment before, have felt almost certain of the prize. Knecht fired sitting. His position was admirably steady; he brought his rifle at once to the aim, and then, after a single

moment's dwell, fired. In this lies the rifleman's dexterity—to pull at the instant his sight tells him he is on. It will not always come off right even then; for the slightest failure of finger to give the impulse will defeat him; but to pull when he is not on—and this he must wait for and work for, if it does not, as it often does not, come at once—is just sheer folly, as the shot is sure to be wasted. The art of shooting is one of the mental phenomena; “trace home the lightning to the cloud,” and you will find it resolves itself into a brain-action, a sense. “It strikes the electric chord wherewith we are darkly bound,” and it is this that creates the excitement. Nothing can be more thrilling than the feeling of the successful shot. Thence arises the affection for the rifle itself. You love it; you talk to it. I could not help whispering to mine in the tent, “If you'll be true to me, I'll be true to you;” and out of this little social compact I got a centre at 600 yards. No doubt this would be much enhanced by longer familiarity. By continued practice you could reduce distances to such a certainty that every 20 yards might be lined off on the slide. The sighting the rifle is the first grand secret. With that all right the rifleman has confidence; and confidence is the second grand secret in the shot.

T. But tell me, what did you do when you first came on the ground on the Monday?

J. In truth there was not much to do. The volunteers fell in at one o'clock and were marched to the sides of the approach of the Royal Pavilion, under the command of a good-natured gentleman, who screeched “Shoudr-r-r-r-a-ar-r-r-r-ms!” at us; which we were in no hurry to do, as shouldering arms, even for a short time—is not the best preparation for accurate shooting. Every tittle of physical power should be carefully husbanded in a match. I had an enthusiastic young Sherwood Forester near me; and I could not help thinking of Robin Hood, and what a contrast the scene before me must have presented to an archery gathering in his day. Twelve

score on 240 yards was an outside shot then; with the rifle it could be multiplied by 4.

T. Tell me about the Common itself. Of course every Londoner knows Wimbledon Common; but what was it like on the day of the meeting?

J. Well, England is a glorious country. She has capacities for everything; her Epsom, her Goodwood, her Doncaster and Newmarket, are all race-courses made to our hands by nature, and requiring but little of art to make them as perfect as they are. Look at the broad stretches of the Thames and Isis for an eight-oar match; the sunny spots by thousands that are spread on her green lap for cricket; or the glad waters of the Solent, or the Channel, for a trial of speed in a fore-and-aft rigged yacht. They are each and all excellent in their way; but none surpass in their peculiar features the complete, the perfect, natural rifle-range that Wimbledon Common presents. Stretching across the common from left to right, there was ample room for ten pairs of butts, twelve feet high, and twenty-five feet wide at the base; while between every second pair stood four others of the same size, but farther back, for the longer ranges; so that there was no difficulty in accommodating from three hundred to four hundred riflemen at a time, and, from the level nature of the ground, at any range from 200 yards to 1000. It looks as if it was intended by nature for the national rifle practice-ground; and, thanks to the kindness of Lord Spencer, no pains were spared to make it worthy of the first meeting. Within an easy distance of London, a nearly worthless soil, heather and ling growing on a great bog,—a little drainage, and the consent of the owners and neighbours, is all that is necessary to secure it as a first-rate ground for the country.

T. Yes; but that consent, I hear, will be hard to get.

J. So I hear; but, as to the owners and commoners, their rights are purchasable; and, were I interested, I should prefer the money-value to the right

to feed geese and donkeys—which is about all that the spot seemed worth. With the neighbours it is, however, different; and I can well understand that the place, under a constant repetition of such an excitement as was witnessed at the meeting, might be frightened out of all its propriety. Servant-girls had lots of volunteer sweethearts—to say nothing of the gipsy hordes of tinkers, hawkers, and vagabonds of all sorts that are attracted to such gatherings, as a matter of course. But much of this was entirely dependent on the novelty of the thing; and, were the common once purchased by the nation, and enclosed, and the different sites let out to the London Rifle Corps, reserving the right of one or more general meeting, the novelty would be over.

T. Still, for the work of the annual meeting, it would be a sort of Epsom jubilee; would it not?

J. I hope not. I do trust the tone of our riflemen will be healthier and more robust than the tone of the turf—from which at the very outset I would draw the broadest line of demarcation. I do not see why the gipsies and vagabonds should be allowed to congregate at all, especially as the ground will be enclosed; and, besides, I should like to cut away from it everything like betting. Why not assimilate it to cricket and boating? We never played or rowed for money. If gambling be once admitted—legitimized I might say—as it has been on the turf, depend on it, rifle-practice will degenerate. Do let us try and keep the thing pure at first; and, if our children let it down, the fault will rest with them, not with us. It a little goes against the grain with me that there should be a need of prizes. The nobler and the manlier lesson would surely be the generous rivalry of being first.

T. My good fellow, the thing would not work. You won't get men to come distances simply to get a name: and, besides, they must look to something to pay expenses.

J. Consider how few after all can attain the prizes; and I'm not so sure

that the fame of being a crack rifle-shot would not with a large number be enough. Still, if there must be prizes, let the contest be for them and them alone,—cups and medals, and such like. Let us forego money prizes, and discountenance all bets and betting, and sweep away all the hideous devilries of ring and turf. The thing has been inaugurated in the right tone. If there was a spice of the devil in it at all, it lurked beneath the smiles of Aunt Sally.

T. Tell me about that lady; was she like what she is at Epsom?

J. Something, but with an improved character; and there was, no doubt, sport in the thing. Any one, whoever he was, by paying a shilling, was entitled to a shot, and, if he got a bull's-eye, shared in the pool at the close of the day with the others who were equally fortunate. This would be innocent enough, if the betting could be kept out of it; but occasionally you heard the "five to one," or larger odds against the shot, break out. This, however, might be corrected by a rule to meet it; and, while the management is in the hands of the admirable staff of men, from General Hay downwards, who did duty at Wimbledon, it would be easy both to impose the rule, and to see that it was kept. The officers were educated gentlemen, and held their men in first-rate working order; hence the absence of all accidents, and the avoidance of all unpleasantness in the agreeable week passed there. If the national meeting be made the standard, you would have the true spirit given to all the provincial meetings throughout the country. Depend on it, if once gambling is allowed to take place at rifle-meetings, the thing will become a curse instead of a blessing.

T. Well, I agree with you, and will come some day with the best of mine to shoot with the best of yours, for honour and glory alone.

J. Agreed; and I can show you a splendid range—a thousand yards—as level as a bowling green, and with a fine lay of sheep-walk beyond it. It is beautifully situated in the very heart of England.

T. You have told me nothing of the meeting as a demonstration to other countries. How, think you, will it appear to them?

J. It left on my mind the deep conviction that you will hear nothing more of the invasion of England. In this respect it beat the review hollow. That was a grand thing, a noble thing; but it was soldiering, and there are others who can play at soldiers besides ourselves. The French can, the Austrians can, the Prussians can; but they can't shoot—I mean, it does not come so natural to them as it does to us. Why, I stood in a squad of sixteen men, to shoot for the Whitworth rifles; perhaps, with three or four exceptions, not one of those men had ever fired a rifle a short year ago; and yet, as I said before, not a sheep could have lived a minute before them at 500 yards. Why, any four of them would have silenced a gun in a couple or three discharges, by striking dead every man and horse attached to it. It is true, we had the Victorias and the Inns of Court men in the squad (and right well they shot), and generally, perhaps, the volunteers who assembled at Wimbledon, in some sense, may be looked upon as picked men; but you may be sure it was but a matter of small degree, and that in any company or corps you would find the next fifteen or twenty nearly, if not quite, as good as the men that were sent. Next year I believe 1000 yards will be as readily and truly gauged as the 500 were then. All our men want now is the opportunity of practice. The position drill is a truth, and a little actual shooting is all that is now needed to turn it to account. The north countrymen did better than the south from this very cause. With us southerners, and particularly with the Londoners, it was a very difficult thing to get at a range at all, and much interest had to be used to get even the selected men a shot before the day. When once we have got ranges—and it will not now be long first—the Saxon eye, and steadiness of hand and temper will be sure to tell, and you will find the mountaineers nei-

ther from Scotland nor Switzerland will beat us.

T. Talking of Switzerland, how did the Switzers do?

J. They were first-rate. They were no doubt almost without exception admirable shots, and could well be entrusted with their liberties against a whole army of Zouaves and Turcos. They were intelligent, well-conditioned men, who quickly learnt to appreciate the English rifle; and I really believe the best thing that could have happened to them was the detention of their own weapons in the French Douanes, for it was the means of introducing them to a better weapon. In this way the accident may bear upon the fortunes of Europe, should the unequal game of war be tried.

T. Some objection has been made, I believe, to opening the competition to all comers, as teaching the foreigner to beat us with our own weapons.

J. I heard of it; but don't agree with the objectors. I believe open competition is the soul of all excellence; and, of all nations, the English are sure to profit by it. But, of all people, the Swiss should be admitted to share in the advantage as a matter of policy; because, in the game of European politics, their sympathies are sure to be with England, and thus, in giving them a better weapon, we are in fact assisting an ally.

T. Were there not some complaints of the cartridges at the meeting?

J. Yes, great complaints; but I was unable to judge of them, because, as I mentioned to you, I had not fired ball cartridge before.

T. No doubt the controversy will lead to the best thing being procured in the end; for there is nothing to prevent celerity of loading, which is the object of the easy fit, being combined with accuracy of shooting, as soon as the right measures both in powder and lead are hit. Did you witness the conclusion of the contest?

J. No, I did not. I was obliged to leave after the rifle given by the Swiss was shot for. But the practice seems to have been admirable. Twenty-four points obtained out of thirty shots—ten shots

at 800, 900, and 1,000 respectively—won the Queen's prize; and the victor was a young man, not of age—a strong argument in favour of the public school corps, which I should like to see instituted at once. It will be long a question between the young and the middle-aged men. If "years steal fire from the mind, and vigour from the limb," in rifle-shooting at least they will impart steadiness and judgment. Still, the keenness of sight and the pliancy of body are with the youth, and they are wonderful aids in such a contest. It is, however, a great

thing for the middle-aged men of this generation to find a new pastime opened to them, and one in which they can largely utilize the love of sport and exercise that they cherished in their youth, at a time when cricket and boating must be perforce foregone. The rifle is in their hands; and they can use it up to a green old age, and improve year by year in the knowledge and practice of their piece; and, if the boys beat them, they will, as was the case here, have the satisfaction of being beaten by their sons.

ON UNINSPIRED PROPHECY.

BY HERBERT COLERIDGE.

UNINSPIRED Prophecy! The phrase will probably sound like a contradiction in terms to many readers. From our early familiarity with the prophetic writings of the Bible, we are led so irresistibly to associate the power of foretelling future events with the presence of a divine and holy *affatus*, that we can hardly bring ourselves to admit the authenticity of any alleged instances of the exercise of the same power, when they occur beyond the pale of the sacred books. Yet even the Bible itself, in such cases as that of Balaam, and of the Egyptian and other magicians (of whose business divination formed a considerable part), and in the various directions and warnings about false prophets contained in the law,¹ evidently countenances a belief that a real power of seeing into futurity existed, not only in chosen individuals of a "peculiar people," but among the heathen also, and in men by no means remarkable for sanctity. And it will be hardly necessary to remind the reader, that in the early history of all nations, the existence of such a power under one form or another is tacitly assumed,² while in those of more advanced civilization, such as the

Greeks and Romans, special institutions for the solemn communication of this important species of information were organized and maintained as an essential part of the state machinery. At a certain era, however, in the life of each people this general and unhesitating faith begins to waver; the scepticism, which originates in the more educated portion of the community, slowly filters downward through the several underlying strata, and after a while becomes widely diffused, although a dim notion not only of the possibility of such knowledge, but also of its continued existence in certain mysteriously favoured individuals at any given epoch, is never perhaps *wholly* eradicated.

It is not, however, our intention on the present occasion to enter into any discussion respecting the possible nature and source of this power, or to account by any theory of our own for the extraordinary influence it has at different times exercised over mankind. We rather wish to bring together some of the more striking instances of its operation, which may serve to call attention to a subject of considerable interest in more points of view than one. To any really philosophical investigation of the subject, a much larger accumulation of instances than we at present possess

¹ Deut. xiii. 1—3. xvii. 20—22.

² Cic. de Div. i. 1, 2.

would be an indispensable requisite; and those here given are merely intended as a first contribution towards such a collection. It will be as well, however, to remind the reader, that the instances we are about to bring forward are those of prediction *proper*, that is to say, of a distinct foretelling of events which do not actually take place till long after the utterance of the prophecy. Mere chance coincidences, such as are occasionally evolved from the names of individuals by some anagrammatic process,¹ or such as are found to exist now and then between the meaning of the name of an individual and his actual career in life,² however striking they may seem, must here be passed over.

The Greek oracles naturally come first for consideration, and among them those of Apollo clearly have a right to pre-eminence. For although Jupiter and other Gods did a little prophetic business for a select set of clients, the establishment at Delphi practically eclipsed all the others, and almost reduced them to a state of inactivity. Many were deterred from making use of the older shrines by some uncomfortable or nerve-shaking ceremonial, to which the inquirer was obliged to submit before a response could be elicited, or by the filthy habits of the priests³ (as at Dodona): Apollo managed matters with more practical wisdom in these respects, besides throwing open gratis to the inspection of visitors that magnificent museum of ancient art, which attested the superstition and the gratitude of half the ancient world. Yet it is singular enough, that hardly one unimpeachable instance of a prediction, truly and fairly verified by the event, can be quoted out of the multitude preserved to us by ancient authors. For in the first place it must be remembered, that many of the responses of the oracle, we might say a majority, were mere moral apothegms, such as "know thyself,"

"nothing in excess," &c., or opinions given as to the course to be adopted in cases of conscience. Another large portion consisted of ambiguous answers, which could be construed so as to save the credit of the oracle, whichever way the event fell out; mere quibbles of language, in fact, such as that given to Croesus as to his crossing the Halya,⁴ and to Pyrrhus, relative to his chance of success in his campaign against Rome;⁵ while not a few, which seem more truly predictive in character, are cases of fulfilment according to the letter, by means of some identity of name between two persons or places, one of which was well known, the other not. Of this last sort, the well-known prediction as to the death of our Henry IV. at Jerusalem, introduced by Shakspeare in the second part of his Henry IV. is a conspicuous example⁶ in modern times, and bears an exact analogy to that which deluded the wretched Cambyses into his terrible Ethiopian expedition, by promising him that his death-bed should be in Ecbatana.⁷ A predecessor, too, of Pyrrhus on the Epirot throne, Alexander, was unlucky enough to be the victim of a precisely similar humbug on the part of the venerable oracle of Dodona.⁸ He was told to avoid the river Acheron, and as there was a river of some note bearing that name in his own kingdom of Epirus, he naturally supposed that he might safely accept an invitation to an Italian campaign on behalf of the Tarentines, who just then were suffering annoyance from their Lucanian and Brutian neighbours. He ran upon his doom, however, as usual; he found a trumpety stream calling itself Acheron, in Bruttium, and there sure enough he was killed in the most appropriate manner, by some treacherous Lucanian exiles, while attempting to cross its swollen waters. These would answer our purpose well enough could we be certain, (which we cannot,) that they were not invented after the event, of

¹ E.g. Horatio Nelson—Honor est a N^o. William Noy—I moyl in law.

² As Demosthenes, Aristides, &c.

³ Il. xvi. 235.

⁴ Herod. i. 91.

⁵ Act iv. Sc. 4.

⁶ Justin. xii. 3.

⁷ Cic. de Div. ii. 56.

⁸ Herod. iii. 61.

which, in most cases, the Delphic establishment would be the first to receive intelligence. Probably, as the oracle grew richer and richer, it kept in permanent pay a number of secret and very special correspondents, and thus secured the latest news at the earliest possible period.

Perhaps, however, the famous response given to the Athenian envoys before the battle of Thermopylæ, that the "wooden wall" had been granted by Jove to Athens as a last refuge for the inhabitants of the doomed city, and the distinct prediction that Salamis should be a scene of slaughter,¹ some months before the Persian fleet was actually destroyed there, comes nearer to the fulfilment of our conditions than any other. In this case we have the advantage of contemporary testimony to the fact of the prediction and the time of its delivery in the person of Herodotus; and although we may not quite share his reverent faith in these prophetic utterances, and may suspect that Themistocles had as much to do with the inspiration of the Pythoneess on this occasion as Apollo, still the guess was a bold one, and the accuracy of its fulfilment must have struck even those in the secret. Neither the place of the battle, nor the victorious issue, were in any sense certainties. So in the account of the plague which desolated Athens in the second year of the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides mentions an ancient prediction, *one at least in existence before his own time*, which foretold the approach of a Dorian war with a pestilence in its train;² and, notwithstanding his sneering criticism, it is evident that the correspondence of the event with the prophecy was sufficiently noteworthy to cause no small stir in people's minds at Athens. To another recommending that a certain plot of ground under the Acropolis had better be left untouched and unbuilt upon³—an injunction which had to be disregarded when the whole population were

driven to take refuge within the walls—he seems to attach somewhat more weight, and suggests an interpretation of the oracular fragment, plausible enough in itself, but which robs it to some extent of its prophetic character. His solution is, that it would be most assuredly better for Athens that the plot of land should remain open, because as long as it was possible to keep it so, so long would it be evident that the extreme limit of calamity and distress had not been reached. In other words, the building would not cause the calamity, but would never take place as a fact till the worst calamity was at hand.

We might go on to cite other similar instances; but, as was said before, although a complete collection of all the oracular responses recorded in the pages of Greek writers would amount to many hundreds, the number of fortunate fulfilments, in cases where collusion can be shown to have been impossible, is far less than the average of probabilities would lead one to expect. De Quincey, in his excellent essay on the Pagan Oracles, to a certain extent accounts for this by an ingenious theory that the two principal functions of the establishment at Delphi were that of an universal news-agency office, and that of a national bank, or safe depository of money and valuables, which the domestic architecture of the time exposed to the mercy of the first burglar who could use a chisel; but at the same time he certainly understates its activity and vogue as a means of obtaining information as to coming events.

Let us cross the Adriatic and enter the territory of that sublime nation whose history was for so many ages the history of the world, of which in the fullness of time they became the masters. How different is the impression we receive from a survey of their history from that derived from the pages of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In Greece, the component elements of the nation seem to be perpetually exerting repulsive forces on each other: no combination is ever stable; while Rome, through all the long stages of its rise and decline, is ever *one*, and expands

Herod. vii. 141.

² Thuc. II. 54.

³ Thuc. II. 17.

only by absorptions into a central nucleus rapidly and irresistibly assimilated, rather than by mere appendages of territory which never lose their original character of excrescences, merely adhering to the main body, not partaking as true members of its life and energy. It is this uniting tendency ever rivetting the attention on the ancient centre and birthplace of the nation that invests their history with such unequalled grandeur; and we should *à priori* almost expect to find that such a part as it was theirs to play on the world's great stage would not be wholly devoid of elements of mystery, or unaccompanied, at least in tradition, with dark and portentous indications of a mighty destiny. Accordingly we do find at the very outset an augural prediction recorded respecting the duration of their empire, which it took twelve centuries to fulfil, but which those centuries did fulfil with an exactitude equal to that challenged by commentators for the numerical prophecies of the book of Daniel. The firm belief in the foundation of Rome about the middle of the eighth century before our era, and in the existence of a contemporaneous augury interpreted to predict a continuous existence of twelve centuries, is a fact which cannot be disputed, whether we look upon Romulus and his twelve vultures¹ as mythical or not; and it is equally beyond controversy that the deposition of Augustulus, the last of the western emperors in the middle of the fifth century of our era, coincides almost to a year with the expiration of the appointed time. Here the nature of the case at once precludes all possibility of collusion; and, what is still more curious, we are not concerned to prove the actual occurrence of the omen as a fact; the universal and undoubting assumption of its reality by every generation of Romans renders the authenticity of the story immaterial. This is probably the most striking instance of the fulfilment of prophecy recorded in history, and it receives additional weight from the consideration that no hypothesis of a double fulfilment, one literal and immediate, the

other more distant and metaphorical or typical, can by any ingenuity find place here.

The discovery of America, which modern researches have shown to have been achieved by the Norsemen as early as the tenth century of our era,² was anticipated by a Latin poet, who probably flourished in the first or second; although it must be confessed that the prophecy is a wide one, and fits its interpretation somewhat loosely. At the close of the second act of Seneca's *Medea*, the chorus end their song with the lines,—

"Venient annis sæcula seris,
"Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
"Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
"Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
"Nec sit terris ultima Thule."

Thus translated by John Studley in 1585:—

"Time shall in fine out breake
"When ocean wave shall open every
 realme,
"The wandering world at will shall open
 lye,
"And Typhis will some newe founde
 land survey;
"Some travelers shall the countreys farre
 escrie,
"Beyond small Thule, knowen furthest
 at this day."

But an old poem in our own language, composed probably about the middle of the fourteenth century, will furnish us with a far more remarkable instance. In the tenth "Passus," or fyfte of the *Vision of Piers Plouhman*, Clergy, one of the allegorical personages, after a long exposition of the sad state into which religion had then fallen, gives warning of the coming, though still distant, retribution, in lines which are worth quoting in their ancient garb:—

"Ac ther shal come a kyng,
"And confesse yow religiouses,
"And bete you as the Bible telleth
"For brekyng of youre rule;

² See the *Antiqq. Americanae*, p. xxix. et sqq. Copenhagen. 1837.

¹ *Cic. de Divin.* i. 48. *Censorin.* de d. N. c. 17.

"And amende monyals,¹
 "Munkes and chanons,
 "And puten to hir penaunce,
 "*Ad pristinum statum ire.*
 "And thanne shal the abbot of
 Abyngdone,
 "And al his issue for evere,
 "Have a knok of a kyng,
 "And incurable the wounde."
Vision, vv. 6239-63.

Two centuries elapse, and the forgotten prophecy is fulfilled; a king with a decided propensity for "knocking" in all its branches is seated on the English throne, and the Abbot of Abingdon and his brethren duly receive the "incurable wounde," commonly called "the Suppression of the Monasteries," and disappear for ever. Here, too, as in the Roman augury, the effect of the coincidence is much heightened by the simplicity of the case, and the impossibility of any trickery being employed to bring about the result.

A few cases of more recent occurrence may be cited, but they rarely rise much above the level of lucky hits, or are expressed in language too general and vague to cause any great surprise at their fulfilment. Perhaps the best specimen of the kind is the well-known prophecy by Lord Chesterfield, of the coming on of the French Revolution. Writing in April, 1752, to his son, he says, "But this I foresee, that before the end of this century, the trade of 'both king and priest will not be half so good an one as it has been. Duclos, in his reflections, has observed, 'and very truly, *'qu'il y a un germe de raison qui commence à se développer en France.'* A développement that must prove fatal to regal and papal 'pretensions.' The limitation of time is here the element in the prognostication which arrests the attention; putting this aside, the rest might have been uttered by any Lyndhurst of that time who could look below the surface of things, and interpret the signs of the times in a philosophic spirit. A some-

what similar vaticination was uttered by Coleridge in 1809, respecting the probability of the Spaniards achieving success in their resistance to the French Emperor, for which he was set down jocosely by Lord Darnley as deranged, so hopeless did their chance then seem. Two years, however, passed away, and then the philosopher's turn came to put the question as to relative sanity to his Lordship, who admitted his mistake, but endeavoured to turn the edge of the retort by calling it "a bold and lucky guess." This, however, Coleridge distinctly repudiated, showing that the unexpected result of the contest was nothing but a necessary consequence of certain principles which he had enunciated, and which he had deduced from a profound consideration of antecedent history. In direct contrast, however, to these dignified speculators, comes the immortal ancestor of the Raphaels, the Zadkiels, and the like of the present day—William Lilly, whose career as astrologer, almanack-maker, and seer, coincides with the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the earlier part of Charles the Second's reign, and whose fame rested partly on two capital successes, but more truly on his superior tactics, and the sagacity with which he avoided committing himself in cases where to have been right would have perhaps excited little attention, while a blunder would have been fatal. However, not to be unjust to the astrologer, let it be recorded, that in his *Anglicus* for June, 1645, he backed the chances of Parliament by a prediction that, if they fought that month, the victory would be theirs; and Naseby followed on the 14th, to confirm the words of the seer. Here the event trod so close on the heels of the prophecy as to detract somewhat from the effect; but the next case was very different, and was justly regarded by him as a piece of luck he was not likely to improve upon, and after which he might gracefully shut up shop and retire into private life. In a work of his, published in 1651, entitled, "Monarchy and No Monarchy in England, Grebner's prophecy concerning Charles the Son of

¹ Nuns.

Charles," it appears that he had indicated the 3d of September, 1666, as a day favourable for the expiration of monarchy; a lucky and highly anti-monarchical planet being then in the ascendant. On the basis of this prophecy, and with a view to ensure its fulfilment in the most exact manner, a plot was actually formed by a number of old soldiers and officers who had served in the late rebellion, for killing the King, and overthrowing the Government; and the surprisal of the Tower and the firing of the City were to form prominent parts of the scheme. The plot, however, came to light in April, 1666, and the confederates were found guilty of high treason; yet, notwithstanding this awkward interference, the stars (or, not to be calumnious, "the star") got the ill-favoured design executed, at any rate, *cy près*, as the lawyers say, by causing the fire of London to break out on the 2d September, 1666; which Mr. Pepys,¹ who records the circumstance, not unreasonably sets down in his diary as "very strange, methinks." Prophecies of this kind, however, are usually supposed to have a considerable share in bringing about their own fulfilment—a remark which applies with some force to that last cited, and to one said to have been recently current in India, that our rule there was destined to last a century, and then to come to an end. Reckoning from the date of the great battle of Plassey, which was fought on the 23d June, 1757, a century carries us on to that fatal year, when it seemed as though the manes of Surajah Dowlah were to be avenged, and that the work of Clive would have to be done over again. There were, however, sufficient signs of preconcerted action, the meaning of which became clear enough after the event, to render it highly probable that the outbreak of the mutiny was purposely timed so as to accord with the old prediction, which was thus artfully made subservient to its own accomplishment.

On the other hand, it is but fair to mention the case reported by the author

of Eothen,² to whom Lady Hester Stanhope, on the occasion of his paying her a visit at her castle near Beyrout, foretold that, "on leaving her he would go into Egypt, but that in a little while "he would return to Syria." The object of this prophecy secretly set down the last part of it as a "bad shot," his plans having been otherwise arranged; but destiny, as he says, was too much for him, and, owing to the plague and the necessity of avoiding a quarantine detention, he was forced to retrace his steps across the desert, after visiting the Pyramids, and came back to the mountains of Lebanon, just as the weird woman had foretold. And, if our space permitted, we might add several well-authenticated instances of that presentiment felt by some respecting the duration of their lives, or the particular day of their decease, which is said to have possessed Bentley and Nelson so strongly, and which was certainly in each case verified by the event. There is a sort of anticipation of this in Homer, who frequently makes his heroes, when in articulo mortis, predict the speedy doom which should overtake their conquerors: thus Patroclus tells Hector to consider himself "fey," to use an old English word; and Hector in his turn attempts to damp the triumph of Achilles by a similar expedient. But it is time to refrain.

In what precedes we have brought together a number of instances in which coming events have cast their shadows before them with such distinctness as to render possible the construction of the true figure from the dim and evanescent outlines of the projection. They are of all degrees of importance, ranging from the low level of the mere lucky guess up to a point where it is difficult to avoid recognising the secret influence of a mysterious and peculiar agency. It must surely be possible to add largely to the handful of cases here presented to the reader; and it can hardly be doubted that such a collection, duly classified and sifted, would yield results not without value either to psychologist

¹ Diary, Dec. 13, 1666.

² Page 100, Fifth Edition.

or historian. Whatever the scepticism of our time may assert, such an omen as that of the Twelve Vultures, and the prediction involved in it, cannot be explained away by any of the ordinary expedients; and, if a sufficient number of parallels could be adduced, these, supported by the admitted fact of the possession of true prophetic powers by idolatrous and heathen nations, might not improbably tend to the more complete elucidation of the nature of those mental states or conditions, the existence and reality of which must be assumed in any theory of prophetic utterance. And we are convinced that the Scrip-

tural prophecies would gain a decided advantage by being thus brought into direct contrast with the *élite* of their rivals. Until some such investigation be made in a reverent yet independent spirit, and until the numerous claims that have been advanced in different ages to the possession or on behalf of the various possessors of this power, have been fairly appraised and weighed, so long must we be content to feel that the edifice of our faith wants a buttress which it is in our power to erect for its support, but which, from a certain deficiency of moral courage, we are timidly led to withhold.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hood was born in London in 1799, the son of a bookseller in the Poultry. He was educated, till about his fifteenth year, at private and day-schools in or near London. His father died in 1811, leaving a widow and several children, all of whom, except Thomas, were cut off early by consumption. His health also was very delicate from the first; and, after being for some little time in a London merchant's office, he was sent alone, at the age of fifteen, for change of climate, to Dundee, which was his father's native place. Here he found himself in the midst of a bevy of Scotch relations—aunts, uncles, cousins, and others—of whom he had never heard before, and whose ways and dialect were as strange to him as his were to them. "It was like coming among the Struldbrugs," he says, alluding to the venerable age of some of these newly-discovered relatives. He passed about two years in Dundee,—engaged in no particular occupation, but recruiting his health by walking, fishing, boating, &c. It was here, too, that he first tried his hand at literature—contributing some trifles to a newspaper and a magazine of the town. Returning to London at the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to his mother's brother, Mr. Sands, an engraver. With him and with another

engraver, to whom he was transferred, he remained several years, with every prospect that engraving was to be his profession. But an event in which he could not have supposed beforehand that his own fortunes would be in the least degree concerned, suddenly changed the tenor of his life. In the beginning of 1821, Mr. John Scott, the Editor of the "London Magazine," was killed in a duel; and, the magazine passing into the hands of new proprietors, who were acquainted with Hood, and had been acquainted with his father, he was engaged to assist the Editor. He was then twenty-two years of age. For about two years he wrote little pieces for the Magazine; his connexion with which introduced him to many, if not all, of the brilliant men who were then its contributors—Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Horace Smith, Talfourd, Barry Cornwall, De Quincey, Cary, John Clare, Hartley Coleridge, &c. With Lamb, in particular, he formed an intimacy which lasted till Lamb's death, and which, as Lamb was twenty-four years his senior, must have had considerable influence on his literary tastes. At Lamb's house, in addition to the persons named, he met both Wordsworth and Coleridge.

In 1824 Hood married a Miss Reynolds.

By this time the "London Magazine" had again changed hands; and Hood, ceasing connexion with it, but still living in London, began to write more miscellaneous. In 1825 he published, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, a little volume of humorous "*Odes and Addresses to Great People*." In 1826 there followed, under Hood's own name, the first series of "*Whims and Oddities*," consisting of a selection from his previous writings, with additions; and a second series appeared in 1827, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. In the same year appeared two volumes of "*National Tales*," or short stories in prose; and a volume of serious poetry entitled "*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other Poems*." In 1829 Hood edited a periodical called "*The Gem*," and here he published his poem of "Eugene Aram." By so much varied writing he had become, in his thirtieth year, well known in the circle of metropolitan men of letters. His health being still precarious, he removed in 1829 to a cottage at Winchmore Hill, not far from London; and here he resided about three years, making frequent trips, for the benefit of sea-air, to Brighton, Hastings, Margate and other places. In 1830 he published his first *Comic Annual*—continued, as a Christmas publication, in successive years till 1837. The "*Annual*," with casual contributions to other periodicals, and a little writing for the stage, occupied him till 1832, when he removed from Winchmore Hill to a quaint but inconvenient old house near Wanstead in Essex. Here he completed his novel of *Tylney Hall*, and wrote a comic poem called *The Epping Hunt*, published with illustrations by Cruikshank.

The failure of a publishing firm having involved Hood in pecuniary difficulties, he resolved in 1835 to leave England and reside on the Continent. Going over in the March of that year, he fixed on Coblenz on the Rhine as the most suitable place for his purpose. Hither his wife followed him with their two surviving children—a girl about five

years of age, and an infant son. During about two years Coblenz continued to be the head-quarters of the family—Hood working at his "Annuals," and sending over the copy by very uncertain carriage to London; corresponding also with friends in England—especially with Mr. Dilke, and a Dr. Elliot of Stratford; amusing himself with fishing and with the observation of German character; making one or two acquaintances with English-speaking Germans, among whom was a friendly and intelligent Prussian officer named De Franck; but, on the whole, out of his element, and harassed by almost constant illness, aggravated by the discomforts of German house-keeping and the rough handling of German doctors. Disgusted at length with Coblenz, he removed, in the middle of 1837, to Ostend—convenient as being more accessible from England. At Ostend he resided with his family for three years—varied by two trips to London, and by visits from English friends. In 1838, which was the last year of the *Comic Annual*, he commenced in its stead the monthly miscellany known as "*Hood's Own*," consisting chiefly of selections from his former writings, but containing new pieces and illustrations by himself. From Ostend he also sent over the copy of his "*Up the Rhine*," a satire on German manners and English travellers, which he had begun at Coblenz.

In 1840, after five years of expatriation, he judged it prudent to return to England. The family took a house in Camberwell; and Hood, rather in worse health than before, became a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Theodore Hook. One of his contributions to the Magazine was his poem of "Miss Kilmansegg." On the death of Theodore Hook, in 1841, Hood succeeded him as Editor of the *New Monthly*. He continued to edit it till 1843, contributing to its pages a number of sketches and poems, which he republished in 1844, under the title of *Whimsicalities*. In 1842 he had removed from Camberwell to St. John's Wood, in which neighbourhood he re-

sided till his death—first in Elm Tree Road, and then in Finchley Road. At this time, what with his writings in the *New Monthly*, the growing reputation of his former writings, and the electric effect produced by his "Song of the Shirt," on its appearance separately in *Punch* (1843), Hood's literary life seemed to have taken a new start; and when, after a brief visit to Scotland, he projected a magazine of his own under the title of "*Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany*," the public were ready to welcome it and make it a favourite. Among his friends he now counted many of a younger generation than those whom he had known before going abroad—Mr. Dickens, Mr. Browning, Mr. F. O. Ward, Samuel Phillips, and others. But he had not long to live. The new Magazine, begun in January, 1844, had been carried on as far as its fourteenth number, when it was announced that the editor was on his death-bed. For two months longer he wrote or dictated his last contributions to it; and, on May 3d, 1845, he died in his house in Finchley Road, at the age of forty-six.

At no time had Hood's name been so familiarly dear to the public as about the time of his death. His "Bridge of Sighs," which appeared in one of the numbers of his Magazine in 1844, was a poem for the people's heart; it, and his "Song of the Shirt," of the previous year, were being everywhere repeated; and, of the letters, presents, and other tokens of regard from unknown persons, sent to him on his death-bed, most were testimonies to the singular effect produced by these two poems. Working back, as it were, from these two poems, the public have since become acquainted with Hood's writings as a whole; the volumes of his selected poems, published since his death by Moxon, have been but inducements to many to look after the various earlier publications in which these and other pieces of his were originally scattered; and the erection of a monument, by public subscription, in 1854, over Hood's grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, was but an evidence

of the unusually strong affection then felt, and still felt for him, as a man peculiar among recent British authors.

Hood's daughter and son, who were left children at his death, and who have since grown up to cherish his memory, and to add, by their own deserts, to the respect they inherit by their relationship to him, have done but an act of duty in preparing and publishing these two volumes of *Memorials*.¹ They do not form what could properly be called a biography of Hood. A single chapter carries us over the first thirty-six years of his life, adding little or nothing to the information previously accessible; and the remaining chapters of the volumes consist of an account, year by year, of the last ten years of his life—the five years, from 1835 to 1840, which he spent at Coblenz and Ostend; and the five, from 1840 to 1845, which followed his return to England. This account does not take the form of a story regularly and connectedly told; but is made up chiefly of private letters by Hood himself and by his wife, now first published, from which the reader is left to gather the incidents for himself, and to derive his own impression of Hood's habits and character. In what of connecting narrative there is, one notes a considerable vagueness, or thinness of particulars, and even an indecision respecting those that are given—owing, doubtless, to the fact that, while the writers retain a vivid recollection of their father personally, the external circumstances of his life, his literary connexions and companionships, the whole by-gone social medium of London in which he moved, lie too far in the distance to be recovered by them without as much research as a stranger would have had to bestow. Taken for what they profess to be, however (and the critic, so considering them, will probably have no fault to find, unless he is finical enough to remark on the very incorrect pointing), the volumes are an interesting

¹ *Memorials of Thomas Hood*; collected, arranged, and edited by his daughter; with a Preface and Notes by his son. Two volumes Moxon. 1860.

addition to our knowledge of Hood, and to his literary remains. They are written in a spirit of true affection, which communicates itself to the reader—especially at the end, where the writers recollect so touchingly their dying father, as they saw him, emaciated and in pain, but resigned, and heard him repeating one night to their mother Burns's plaintive words, as then his and hers:—

"I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean!
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal."

A tone of this song runs through all Hood's life, as it is related in these *Memorials*. We see him throughout as a most affectionate husband and father, struggling with ill-health, and, while labouring for those dearest to him, and bearing up with a buoyancy which neither pain nor adverse fortune could subdue, foreseeing the day as not distant when his wife should be a widow, and his children orphans. From the time when, in his celebrated petition to the House of Commons on the subject of literary copyright, he referred to his own case, and adduced as one of his arguments for the protection of literary property, the fact that he had two children "who looked up to him as the author not "only of the Comic Annual but also of "their being," a habitual anxiety, arising from the uncertainty of his own life, seems to have shadowed Hood's mind, and mingled, though not always in an obvious manner, with his conversation and writings. The *Memorials* bring out this—may be best described, indeed, as records of the last ten years of the life of a literary invalid. Not that, in addition to this melancholy fact of Hood's constant struggle with pain and disease, we have not much information respecting him in these pages, of a livelier, more curious, and more general kind of interest. We learn, for example, that Hood was one of those poets—a rather numerous list it would seem—in whom (as if to force attention to a distinction between the musical sense and the faculty of melodious verse) the ear for music has been all but abnor-

mally deficient. We hear of his fondness for practical jokes, and have amusing instances of such, played off by him upon his wife and others; we have sketches, by his own pen, of foreign scenes and manners, full of wit and word-play, and of comical accounts of his differences with German landladies, and his fishing excursions on the Moselle; we have also, in the form of woodcuts, a few additional specimens of the oddities he used to dash off with his pencil to amuse his readers or his children. Altogether a very distinct idea of Hood is to be obtained from the volumes; though an impression of the scantiness of the incidents which composed his life—of the small hold which he had of the world of men or things beyond the circle of his own family—will still remain.

This scantiness of incident in Hood's life, this looseness and slightness of connexion with the contemporary world of men and things, is, we believe, not without its significance in relation to the nature of Hood's genius and writings. Of literary men as a class, indeed, it is not expected that their lives shall present that amount of interconnexion with the net events of their time, the definite and visible course of its social history, which is inevitable in the lives of men of action. But among literary men themselves there may be characteristic differences in this respect. Some there may be who, by the nature of their mental activity as men of speculation, resume and represent in their own thoughts much of the essence of what is going on around them. Others there may be who, though they do not employ their minds on what is passing around them, but on some theme or object independently selected (as Gibbon, for example, in his *History*), do yet—in virtue of the magnitude of that theme or object, the amount of exertion which it requires ere it can be compassed, and the continuousness of that exertion—lead lives which have a certain massiveness in themselves, and are even distinguishable as part of the historic substance of their time. Others again there are who,

in virtue merely of an extreme sociability, bringing them in contact with all kinds and classes of their contemporaries, and with all contemporary interests, become remembrancers of more than themselves after they are dead, and allow facts from a wide surface to be drawn almost necessarily into the current of their biography. On the whole, perhaps, of all kinds of literary genius, it is the genius of the imaginative writer that may be rooted most lightly in the facts of his time, and may exhibit biographically the least identification with them—save, as we have said, of that kind which arises, when the very magnitude of the imaginative efforts, and the continuousness of the exertion which they involve, convert *themselves* into substance of history. But Hood, as a writer of wit and imagination, does not present this peculiarity of having exerted himself continuously on any great work. A very slight amount of contact, indeed, with the men or events of his time, a very moderate sociability, or even almost a solitariness of temper and habit, would be quite consistent with the nature of his literary remains. And such would seem to have been the fact. The most pertinacious zealot for the resolution of biography into history would hardly make anything feasible of such a notion as “Hood and his Times,” with whatever ingenuity he might select for his purpose this or that portion of the social history of Britain, or even of London, during the twenty years preceding 1845. The “times” are of course there; but Hood’s relation to them is that of a man of peculiar constitution, who sees them flitting by, has pensive, or humorous, or even wild and haggard thoughts about them, and makes the expression of such thoughts his business, but, on the whole, is so little incorporated with them, that, had he not existed, the “times” would have been the same, and only his by-standing thoughts would have been lost. A pensive, keenly-organized man, filled with Jacques’s peculiar and compound melancholy of “a most humorous sadness,” shifted about from place to place, ob-

serving oddities and physiognomies wherever he went, and adding to his fancies by reading, but personally not much bound to society, and having few strong acquaintanceships beyond the circle of his own family, where he would chat and frolic affectionately with his children during the day, and sit up by himself to write for the press late through the night,—such, notwithstanding his habit of penning long letters, seems Hood to have been. No detraction this from: the interest we must feel in his writings, but rather a reason for a more peculiar curiosity!

A certain small proportion of Hood’s writings, though not the best known or the most original, consists of perfectly serious poems of the fancy, after a manner caught from Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Lamb, and the minor and sensuous poems of Shakespeare. Most of these were written before his thirtieth year, while it seems still to have been his aim to be known to the public not chiefly or exclusively as a humourist. His “Plea of the Midsummer Fairies” is perhaps his most interesting and sustained production of this kind, and is a really pleasant poem of the fancy, constructed on an ingenious story how Titania, Puck, and all the innocent elves and sprites of the poetic Faery-land, are threatened with annihilation by Old Time or Saturn,—how they plead in vain before the ruthless ravager, and are spared only by the happy appearance of the shade of Shakespeare, who champions the Faery-nation, daunts Time, and drives him to flight. The whole poem has a certain true and easy poetic charm, and there are passages of very fine and happy expression in it; but it does not rise higher than the second class of compositions belonging to the school of verse begun by Coleridge and Wordsworth, and continued by Keats. In other poems of the same serious or fanciful kind, as in the “Ode to Autumn,” and the “Ode to the Moon,” we have the very cadence and manner of Keats present to a degree which suggests actual imitation, together with a marked affection for special words of the Keatsian

vocabulary, such as "argent," "bloom," and "bloomy." For Hood's poem of "Hero and Leander," the model is undisguisedly Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis;" but, with all the disadvantage which this comparison involves, the reader will find much to admire in Hood's version of the classic legend. Here are some lines describing the distant appearance of the face of the water-witch Scylla to Leander, luring him to his death, as he is buffeting with the waves:—

"Her aspect's like a moon divinely fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on;
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marble lies advantaged upon jet."

If Hood does not rank in the first class among recent English poets, after Wordsworth and Keats, in virtue of these poems of metrical narrative and sensuous fancy, he attains a greater height and strikes with a stronger emphasis in another class of serious poems—those which consist in the vivid imagination and abrupt lyric representation of ghastly situations in physical nature and in human life. His "Dream of Eugene Aram," his "Haunted House," his "Forge," and his "Last Man," are well-known examples. There was, indeed, in Hood's genius a certain fascination for the ghastly—a certain familiarity of the fancy with ideas and objects usually kept out of mind as too horrible and disagreeable. Toying with his pencil, he would sketch skulls, or coffins, or grinning skeletons in antic mimicry of the attitudes of life. One of the most painful of the illustrations which accompany these *Memorials* is a sketch of himself lying in his shroud as a corpse, which he made while in bed during his last illness. Something of this fascination for the ghastly, this tendency to imagine horrible objects and situations, runs through Hood's comic writings, sometimes appearing distinctly, but in other places only obliging humour and frolic by a kind of reaction. "The hyena," he says himself, "is notoriously a frequenter of graves, a prowler amongst

tombs; he is also the only beast that laughs, at least above his breath." Omitting the moral dislike implied in the image chosen, Hood meant its intellectual import to be taken. From thoughts of death and graveclothes, of murders, of suicides, of gibbets on solitary moors, of suggestions of the fiend in gloomy rooms to men on the verge of madness—from a dark circumference of such thoughts, conceived with an almost reckless literality, we see the Humourist rebounding into the thick and bustle of ordinary social life, rioting in its infinite provocations to mirth, raising smiles and laughter wherever he goes, and turning speech into a crackle of jests.

How extraordinary the rebound in Hood's case! Though a not insignificant proportion of his writings consists of such productions of the quiet poetic fancy and such representations of the ghastly as have been described, by far the larger proportion consists of his contributions, during five-and-twenty years, to the fugitive British literature of wit and humour. Vast as are now the dimensions of that literature among us—organised, sharpened, and adjusted as it has been by the long reign of King Punch—Hood's place in its history is not likely soon to be forgotten. From his first connexion with the London press in 1821, it was his habit to throw off those "grotesques, and arabesques, and droll picturesques," to use his own words, "which his good genius (a Pantagruelian familiar) charitably conjured up to divert him from more sombre realities." Even then his humour was of a flavour different from that of Hook's humour, or of the humour of any contemporary wit; in later years, his *Comic Annual* was a kind of anticipation of *Punch*; and to the last, in the *New Monthly* and in *Hood's Magazine*, it was in "grotesques, arabesques, and droll picturesques," that he was most prolific. If all his productions of this kind were collected, no one knows how many hundreds they would number. They are generally brief; but they vary in brevity, from

the single-lined pun or jest, or the witty stanza or couplet, to the extended prose-sketch, or such a metrical extravagance as "Miss Kilmansegg." And then the variety of form and matter!—pun and word-play throughout; here satire with definite purpose, there a mere whirl of humorous nonsense; sometimes a little essay; sometimes a sketch of character, or of a comic incident in a stage-coach or in the streets; sometimes a tale in a chapter or two; sometimes an imaginary correspondence. In *Hood's Own*, published by himself in 1838-9, and in the volume of his selected *Poems of Wit and Humour*, published after his death, we have perhaps his best things in this kind collected; and certainly there is more in the two volumes together than the most insatiable appetite for a *Grinnage* dinner (Hood's own, not mine!) will be able to stand, if the reading is continuous. Page after page it is pun, flash, quip, subtlety, oddity, mad fantasy of fun, till the feeling is that of fatigue with the very excess—save where (and this is one of the minor uses of verse) the pleasure of metre and rhyme prolongs the power of reading. And then, O if one had but the memory to retain a moderate percentage of the good things of which one has had such a surfeit! How, by merely retailing them, one could win peals of laughter from end to end of a dinner-table, and hoodwink people into the belief that one was a wit oneself. Alas! the human memory is not constructed to retain more than five jokes simultaneously of the greatest humourist that ever lived. One is the common number; three is unusual; and five is the extreme limit. Test the matter by trial among your friends. Get any company who have known Theodore Hook, or Sydney Smith, or Douglas Jerrold,—men who said new good things every day for thirty years,—to club their recollections of these good things together; and the result will be that, though the joint efforts of the oblivious blockheads, raking their memories for a whole hour together, may recover (duplicates deducted) a dozen distinct

witticisms, he will be the cock of the company who has furnished five. We hear but of one man who, at a single sitting, could dictate from memory a longish collection of jests and apophthegms; but *they* were from different sources, and *he* was the author of the "Novum Organum." Moral to all Boswells of celebrated wits now living: Book each day's jests punctually every night. Posterity will thank you; and, if they don't, never mind.

Hood's good things having in very large measure been booked by himself, we have not far to search for our specimens. Reader, what would you call the earliest impressions for good or evil produced on the mind of an infant by family-circumstances before its book-education begins? Hood calls them "impressions before the letters." What does a schoolboy enjoy when he goes home for the holidays? "No satis to the jams." What deafness could exceed that of the old woman in one of Hood's poems who was "as deaf as dog's ears to Enfield's Speaker," deaf not only to nouns and verbs, but "even to the definite article"! And, if you wanted to sell her a hearing-trumpet, how could you recommend it better than by telling her of another old woman who was fully as deaf as herself, if you could add—

"Well, I sold *her* a horn, and, the very next day,
She heard from her husband in Botany Bay."

Did you ever hear of the Irish school-master's coat?—

"'Twas such a jerkin short
As Spenser had ere he composed his tales."

What is Hood's simile for autumn? "The book of nature getting short of leaves." Have you ever read Hood's ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown," once sung in all the theatres and by the boys in the streets? Sally's sweetheart having been pressed as a sailor, her grief was irrepressible.

"Alas! 'they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow';
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she said, Gee woe!"

But Sally proved fickle, and Ben, re-

turning after two years, finds her married to another. The poor fellow is inconsolable, and apostrophizes her—

"Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so!
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well,'
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turned, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befel:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton told the bell."

In the tender mood in which this leaves the reader, the following may shock:—

"'Tis horrible to die,
And come down with our little all of dust."

Here is a reference to the Vestal fire:—

"Like that old fire that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in—for none have found it out."

And this is pretty:—

"All the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather-beds."

Here are a few together:—

"The hackney-poets overcharge their fair."

"There's something in a horse
That I can always honour, but never could
endorse."

"Four sorry steeds shall follow in each
coach—

Steeds that confess the luxury of *Wo*."

"To muse on death at Ponder's End."

"A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon."

"Utopia is a pleasant place;
But how shall I get there?

'Straight down the crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'"

Hood's wit seems often to have taken a military direction. Here is an army on march—

"So many marching men
That soon might be March-dust."

And here, a detachment of volunteers—

"The pioneers seem very loth
To axe their way to glory."

And who has not heard of Ben Battle?

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs;
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him from the field,
Said he, 'Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot.'"

On Ben's return home, his sweetheart jilts him, in consequence of his mutilation; saying she did love him before he went away, but now he stands on a different footing—

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"

But, to get back to prose, is there not something touching in the dying words of the old schoolmaster, "I am sinking fast; I am going from the terrestrial globe to the celestial"? And is not this good advice, "Never fancy, every time you cough, that you are going to cough-pot"? And what a breadth of surface in the idea of the "London bill-sticker, who had volunteered into the Chinese expedition, to get a sight, as he said, of the great Chinese wall!" As a reason against cruelty to animals, Hood lays stress on the fact that "bullocks don't wear oxide of iron;" and to excite our sympathy even with the cold and remote Esquimaux, he bids us think of the children in that region, "born to blubber." Here are a few scraps from his *Commonplace Book*:—

"Some men pretend to *penetration*, who have not even *halfpenny-tration*."

"A Quaker loves the ocean for its broad brim."

"A parish-clerk's Amen-ity of disposition."

"If three barleycorns go to an inch, how many corns go to a foot? Bunyan says, *thirty-six*."

"Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.
"Who make surest of going to Heaven? Descenders."

The following is a selection from a long list of sham-titles for books, given

to the Duke of Devonshire to be set on a Library Door at Chatsworth :—

- "Y^e Devill on Two Styx (Black Letter) 2 vols.
- "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling. By Barber Beaumont.
- "Percy Vere. In 40 volumes.
- "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and Sheep Tick.
- "Malthus's Attack of Infantry.
- "Macadam's Views in Rhodes.
- "Manfredi. Translated by Defoe.
- "Earl Grey on Early Rising.
- "The Life of Zimmermann. By Himself.
- "On Trial by Jury, with remarkable Packing Cases.
- "Koscuisko on the right of the Poles to stick up for themselves.
- "On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow.
- "Johnson's Contradictionary.
- "Cursory Remarks on Swearing.
- "The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron."

In default of longer extracts, the reader is bound to remember that the humour of Hood is to be seen in a more diffused form than such verbal samples as we have given would serve to suggest—in poems and sketches, where the mere wit and word-play are but seasoning to a wider and more continuous interest arising from lively incident and the dramatic representation of character. All in all, his "Miss Kilmansegg" is perhaps his best humorous poem of any considerable length; and among his prose-sketches the most amusing are perhaps those which take the form of letters passing between cooks, maid-servants, and other illiterate persons, and giving their impressions of public and private matters in their own style and spelling.

Well, but what is it all worth? In truth, "*I don't know; nor you don't know; nor none of us don't know;*" but this we all feel—that it is worth something. The day surely is past in which it was thought necessary to apologise for humour; and, despite a few obstinate dissenters, the peculiarly affectionate spirit with which our recent philosophy has been disposed to regard humour in general, is now gladly extended, by all consistent persons, even to that long-vilified form of humour which consists in word-play and pun. As to the use of

that or of any other kind of humour—this is not the only case in which it would be well once for all to adopt the principle, that the justification of a thing is to be sought, *a priori*, in the fact that it proceeds from obedience to an innate function, as well as, *a posteriori*, in an attempted appreciation of its calculable effects. But, if an answer to the question, "*Cui bono?*" is still demanded, one may point out that, just as in reading a great poem or other serious work of imagination, two kinds of benefit are distinguishable—the benefit, on the one hand, of the actual matter of thought, the images, the expressions, delivered into the mind from it, and either remaining there to be recovered by the memory when wanted, or playing more occultly into the under-processes of the mind that lie beneath conscious memory; and the benefit, on the other hand, of the momentary stir, or wrench, or enthusiastic rouse, given to the mind in the act of reading—so, with a difference, is it with humorous writing too. First, there is the actual intellectual efficiency afterwards of the good things communicated—whether they be bits of shrewd sense, or maxims, or touching combinations of ideas, or permanent fancies of mirth for the mental eye; and, secondly, there is the twitch given to the mind, along with every good thing, in the act of receiving it, and the total shampooing or exhilaration resulting from their sum. But the reader will probably like to work out the rest of the psychology of the subject for himself.

To redeem Hood, however, from the consequences of any adverse decision that might be come to on this ground by the narrower utilitarians of literature, there remains yet a select class of his writings, characterised by the presence of moral and speculative purpose, to an extent that ought to satisfy the strictest advocate for the consecration of genius to philanthropic aims and the service of struggling opinion. Like other men, Hood had his "fixed ideas" in life—permanent thoughts and convictions, in behalf of which he could become pugna-

cious or even savage, or under the excitement of which every show of humour would fall off from him, and he would appear as a man purely sorrowful and serious. The sentiment of Anti-Pharisaism may be regarded as traditional in all men of popular literary genius; and back from our own days to those of Burns and still farther, British Literature has abounded with expressions of it, each more or less powerful in its time, but not superseding the necessity of another, and still another, in the times following. Almost last in the long list of these poets of Anti-Pharisaism comes the name of Hood. His writings are full of this sentiment, and especially of protests against over-rigid Sabbatarianism. On no subject did he so systematically and resolutely exert his powers of sarcasm and wit; and perhaps the English language does not contain any single poem from which the opponents of extreme Sabbatarianism and of what is called religious formality in general can borrow more pungent quotations, or which is really in its way a more eloquent assertion of personal intellectual freedom, than the *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*. The following passage is very popular:—

"The Saints!—the Pharisees, whose beadle
stands
Beside a stern coercive kirk,
A piece of human mason-work,
Calling all sermons contrabands
In that great Temple that's not made with
hands!

"Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with
whom
The gracious prodigality of nature,
The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the
bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature,
Recall the good Creator to his creature,
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!
To his tuned spirit the wild heather-bells
Ring Sabbath knells;
The jubilate of the soaring lark
Is chaunt of clerk;
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious
linnet;
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,
The sky-blue pool, a font.
Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!"

Fortunately for Hood's reputation, even with those whom he here attacks, he has left other pieces, the sentiment of which cannot be discussed controversially, but belongs to the universal heart. "He sang the Song of the Shirt" was the epitaph which Hood chose for himself; but, though we might pardon the taste that would consent to such a selection, because Hood himself made it, we should be sure of the general verdict that the finest thing that Hood ever wrote was his "Bridge of Sighs." Who can cross London Bridge at night, or can read his newspaper for many days successively, without recalling some snatch of that famous lyric?

THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND TO GARIBALDI'S LEGION.¹

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

O YE who by the gaping earth
Where, faint with resurrection, lay
An empire struggling into birth,
Her storm-strown beauty cold with
clay,

The free winds round her flowery head,
Her feet still rooted with the dead,

Leaned on the unconquered arms that
clave

Her tomb like Judgment, and fore-
knew

The life for which you rent the grave,

Would rise to breathe, beam, beat for
you,

In every pulse of passionate mood,
A people's glorious gratitude,—

¹ Those 1,067 Cacciatori, who, after conquering in the Lombard campaign, set out, unassisted, and "looking upon themselves as already dead" (vide *Times*), to complete, in face of a fleet and three armies, the work of Italian emancipation.

But heard, far off, the mobled woe
Of some new plaintiff for the light ;
And leave your dear reward, and go
In haste, yet once again to smite
The hills, and, like a flood, unlock
Another nation from the rock ;

Oh ye who, sure of nought but God
And death, go forth to turn the page
Of life, and in your heart's best blood
Date anew the chaptered age ;
Ye o'er whom, as the abyss
O'er Curtius, sundered worlds shall kiss,

Do ye dream what ye have done ?
What ye are and shall be ? Nay,
Comets rushing to the sun,
And dyeing the tremendous way
With glory, look not back, nor know
How they blind the earth below.

From wave to wave our race rolls on,
In seas that rise, and fall, and rise ;
Our tide of Man beneath the moon
Sets from the verge to yonder skies ;
Throb after throb the ancient might
In such a thousand hills renews the
earliest height.

'Tis something, o'er that moving vast,
To look across the centuries
Which heave the purple of a past
That was, and is not, and yet is,
And in that awful light to see
The crest of far Thermopylæ,

And, as a fisher draws his fly
Ripple by ripple, from shore to shore,
To draw our floating gaze, and try
The more by less, the less by more,
And find a peer to that sublime
Old height in the last surge of time.

'Tis something : yet great Clio's reed,
Greek with the sap of Castaly,
In her most glorious word midway
Begins to weep and bleed ;
And Clio, lest she burn the line
Hides her blushing face divine,

While that maternal muse, so white
And lean with trying to forget,
Moves her mute lips, and, at the sight,
As if all suns that ever set
Slanted on a mortal ear
What man can feel but cannot hear,

We know, and know not how we know,
That when heroic Greece uprist,
Sicilia broke a daughter's vow,
And failed the inexorable tryst,—
We know that when those Spartans drew
Their swords—too many and too few!—

A presage blanched the Olympian hill
To moonlight: the old Thunderer
nods ;
But all the sullen air is chill
With rising Fates and younger gods.
Jove saw his peril and spake : one blind
Pale coward touched them with mankind.

What, then, on that Sicanian ground
Which soured the blood of Greece to
shame,
To make the voice of praise resound
A triumph that, if Grecian fame
Blew it on her clarion old,
Had warmed the silver trump to gold !

What, then, brothers ! to brim o'er
The measure Greece could scarcely
brim,
And, calling Victory from the dim
Of that remote Thessalian shore,
Make his naked limbs repeat
What in the harness of defeat
He did of old ; and, at the head
Of modern men, renewing thus
Thermopylæ, with Xerxes fled
And every Greek Leonidas,
Untitle the proud Past and crown
The heroic ages in our own !

Oh ye, whom they who cry "how long"
See, and—as nestlings in the nest
Sink silent—sink into their rest ;
Oh ye, in whom the Right and Wrong
That this old world of Day and Night
Crops upon its black and white,

Shall strike, and, in the last extremes
Of final best and worst, complete
The circuit of your light and heat ;
Oh ye who walk upon our dreams,
And live, unknowing how or why
The vision and the prophecy,

In every tabernacled tent—
Eat shew-bread from the altar, and
wot
Not of it—drink a sacrament
At every draught and know it not—

Breathe a nobler year whose least
Worst day is as the fast and feast

Of men—and, with such steps as chime
To nothing lower than the ears
Can hear to whom the marching
spheres

Beat the universal time
Thro' our Life's perplexity,
March the land and sail the sea,

O'er those fields where Hate hath led
So oft the hosts of Crime and Pain—
March to break the captive's chain,
To heal the sick, to raise the dead,
And, where the last deadliest rout
Of furies cavern, to cast out

Those Demons,—ay, to meet the fell
Foul belch of swarming Satan hot
From Ætna, and down Ætna's throat
Drench that vomit back to hell—
In the east your star doth burn;
The tide of Fate is on the turn;

The thrown powers that mar or make
Man's good lie shed upon the sands,
Or on the wave about to break
Are flotsam that nor swims nor stands;
Earth is cold and pale, a-swoon
With fear; to the watch-tower of noon

The sun climbs sick and sorrowful,
Or, like clouded Cæsar, doth fold
His falling greatness to behold
Some crescent evil near the full.
Hell flickers; and the sudden reel
Of fortune, stopping in mid-wheel

Till the shifted current blows,
Clacks the knocking balls of chance;
And the metred world's advance
Pauses at the rhythmic close;
One stave is ended, and the next
Chords its discords on the vext

And tuning Time: this is the hour
When weak Nature's need should be
The Hero's opportunity,
And heart and hand are Right and
Power,
And he who will not serve may reign,
And who dares well dares nought in
vain.

Behind you History stands a-gape;
On either side the incarnadine
Hot nations in whom war's wild wine
Burns like vintage thro' the grape,
See you, ruddy with the morn
Of Freedom, see you, and for scorn

As on that old day of wrath
The hosts drew off in hope and doubt,
And the shepherd-boy stepped out
To sling Judæa upon Gath,
Furl in two, and, still as stone,
Like a red sea let you on.

On! ay tho' at war's alarms
That sea should flood into a foe!
On! the horns of Jericho
Blow when Virtue blows to arms.
Numberless or numbered—on!
Men are millions, God is one.

On! who waits for favouring gales?
What hap can ground your Argosy?
A nation's blessings fill your sails,
And tho' her wrongs scorched ocean dry,
Yet ah! her blood and tears could roll
Another sea from pole to pole.

On! day round ye, summer bloom
Beneath, in your young veins the bliss
Of youth! Who asks more? Ask but
this,
—And ask as One will ask at Doom—
If lead be true, if steel be keen?
If hearts be pure, if hands be clean?

On! night round ye, the worst roak
Of Fortune poisoning all youth's bliss;
Each grass a sword, each Delphic oak
An omen! Who dreads? Dread but
this,—

Blunted steel and lead unsure,
Hands unclean and hearts impure!

Full of love to God and man
As girt Martha's wageless toil;
Gracious as the wine and oil
Of the good Samaritan;
Healing to our wrongs and us
As Abraham's breast to Lazarus;

Piteous as the cheek that gave
Its patience to the smiter, still
Rendering nought but good for ill,
Tho' the greatest good ye have
Be iron, and your love and ruth
Speak but from the cannon's mouth—

On! you servants of the Lord,
In the right of servitude
Reap the life He sowed, and blood
His frenzied people with the sword,
And the blessing shall be yours,
That falls upon the peacemakers!

Ay, tho' trump and clarion blare,
Tho' your charging legions rock
Earth's bulwarks, tho' the slaughtered
air

Be carrion, and the encountered shock
Of your clashing battles jar
The rung heav'ns, this is Peace, not
War!

With that two-edged sword that cleaves
Crowned insolence to awe,
And whose backward lightning leave
Licence stricken into law,
Fill, till slaves and tyrants cease,
The sacred panurgy of peace!

Peace, as outraged peace can rise
When her eye that watched and
prayed

Sees upon the favouring skies
The great sign, so long delayed,
And from hoofed and trampled sod
She leaps transfigured to a god,

Meets amid her smoking land
The chariot of careering war,
Locks the whirlwind of his car,
Wrests the thunder from his hand,
And, with his own bolt down-hurl'd,
Brains the monster from the world!

Hark! he comes! His nostrils cast
Like chaff before him flocks and men.
Oh proud, proud day, in yonder glen
Look on your heroes! Look your last,
Your last: and draw in with the pas-
sionate eye
Of love's last look the sights that paint
eternity.

He comes—a tempest hides their place!
Tis morn. The long day wanes. The
loud

Storm hulls. Some march out of the
cloud,

The princes of their age and race;
And some the mother earth that bore
Such sons hath loved too well to let them
leave her more.

But oh, when joy-bells ring
For the living that return,
And the fires of victory burn,
And the dancing kingdoms sing,
And beauty takes the brave
To the breast he bled to save,

Will no faithful mourner weep
Where the battle-grass is gory,
And deep the soldier's sleep
In his martial cloak of glory,
Sleeps the dear dead buried low?
Shall they be forgotten? Lo,

On beyond that vale of fire
This babe must travel ere the child
Of yonder tall and bearded sire
His father's image hath fulfilled,
He shall see in that far day
A race of maidens pale and grey.

Theirs shall be nor cross nor hood,
Common rite nor convent roof,
Bead nor bell shall put to proof
A sister of that sisterhood;
But by noonday or by night
In her eyes there shall be light.

And as a temple organ, set
To its best stop by hands long gone,
Gives new ears the olden tone
And speaks the buried master yet,
Her lightest accents have the key
Of ancient love and victory.

And, as some hind, whom his o'erthrown
And dying king o'er hill and flood
Sends laden with the fallen crown,
Breathes the great trust into his blood
Till all his conscious forehead wears
The splendid secret that he bears,

For ever, everywhere the same,
Thro' every changing time and scene,
In widow's weeds and lowly name
She stands a bride, she moves a queen;
The flowering land her footstep knows;
The people bless her as she goes,

Whether upon your sacred days
She peers the mightiest and the best,
Or whether, by the common ways,
The babe leans from the peasant's
breast,
While humble eyelids proudly fill,
And momentary Sabbaths still

The hand that spins, the foot that delves,
 And all our sorrow and delight
 Behold the seraph of themselves
 In that pure face where woe grown
 bright
 Seems rapture chastened to the mild
 And equal light of smiles unsmiled.

And if perchance some wandering king,
 Enamoured of her virgin reign,
 Should sue the hand whose only ring
 Is the last link of that first chain,
 Forged by no departed hours, and seen
 But in the daylight that hath been,

She pauses ere her heart can speak,
 And, from below the source of tears,
 The girlhood to her faded cheek
 Goes slowly up thro' twenty years,
 And, like the shadow in her eyes,
 Slowly the living Past replies,

In tones of such serene eclipse
 As if the voices of Death and Life
 Came married by her mortal lips
 To more than Life or Death—"A
 wife
 Thou wocest ; on yonder field he died
 Who lives in all the world beside."

Oh, ye who, in the favouring smile
 Of Heaven, at one great stroke shall
 win
 The gleaming guerdons that beguile
 Glory's grey-haired Paladin
 Thro' all his threescore jousts and ten,
 —Love of women, and praise of men,

The spurs, the bays, the palm, the
 crown,—
 Who, from your mountain-peak among
 Mountains, thenceforth may look along
 The shining tops of deeds undone,
 And take them thro' the level air
 As angels walk from star to star,

We from our isle—the ripest spot
 Of the round green globe—where all
 The rays of God most kindly fall,
 And warm us to that temperate lot
 Of seasoned change that slowly brings
 Fruition to the orb of things,

We from this calm in chaos, where
 Matter running into plan
 And Reason solid in a man
 Mediate the earth and air,
 See ye winging you far gloom,
 Oh, ministering spirits ! as some

Blest soul above that, all too late,
 From his subaltern seat in heaven
 Looks round and measures fate with fate,
 And thro' the clouds below him
 driven

Beholds from that calm world of bliss
 The toil and agony of this,

And, warming with the scene rehearst,
 Bemoans the realms where all is won,
 And sees the last that shall be first,
 And spurns his secondary throne,
 And envies from his changeless sphere
 The life that strives and conquers here.

But ere toward fields so old and new
 We leap from joys that shine in vain,
 And rain our passion down the blue
 Serene—once more—once more—to
 drain

Life's dreadful ecstasy, and sell
 Our birthright for that oxymel

Whose stab and unction still keep quick
 The wound for ever lost and found,
 Lo, o'erhead, a cherubic
 And legendary lyre, that round
 The eddying spaces turns a dream
 Of ancient war ! And at the theme

Harp to answering harps, on high,
 Call, recall, that but a strait
 Of storm divides our happy state
 From that pale sleepless Mystery
 Who pines to sit upon the throne
 He served ere falling to his own.